

THE AMERICAN GIRL

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume VI, No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1923

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY
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2 SECTIONS

SECTION 1



International Newsreel

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x

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Vol. VI FEBRUARY, 1923 No. 5

Some of the reasons why in the month of December, 1922, more subscriptions were received to THE AMERICAN GIRL than ever before in its history:

"OCTOBER 21, 1922.

"Since I have changed my address and THE AMERICAN GIRL had to be forwarded to me, I received my copy yesterday. I should be dreadfully disappointed not to receive the November issue. Besides enjoying Captain Sylvia I love to read every page. I was about to say I enjoyed the accounts of what other troops are doing, most but I guess I enjoy it all so much I couldn't make such a distinction.

"My troop is divided, going to 4

different colleges, teaching school and stenographers, so letters and THE AMERICAN GIRL are all that we have to hold us together.

"In March I will be twenty-one and am very anxious to become a captain. I am now a first class scout. Would you please send me any material that you may have concerning captains and how I may become one. My home is in Florida and I want to get a troop started there as soon as I can leave my University work here. Owing to your delightful magazine I am becoming more enthusiastic about Scouting every day.

"I shall be anxiously awaiting a reply concerning the Captaincy. My mother can get the girls together for me so that they will be all ready to start work in the spring.

"Sincerely,

"M. R. B.,

"Los Angeles, Calif."

Mrs. L. T. Pearsall of Pittsburgh, Pa., writes:

"In the December number of your magazine I find a charming story for children, entitled 'A Christmas Carol.' This story, besides being beautifully written, contains an uplifting influence which our young people of the present day should benefit by. Enclosed find fifteen cents, for which please mail me a copy."

On page 17 we are printing a picture of Troop 45 of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have subscribed 100% strong to our magazine. Why doesn't YOUR TROOP help us grow? Let us in the year 1923 make THE AMERICAN GIRL the leading magazine for girls in the country!

Golden Eaglets

Elizabeth Healy, Reading Mass.;
Elna Hass, Troop 35, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Florence Jackson, Troop 21, Houston, Texas; Eleanor Fei, Troop 25, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary Gaffney, Troop 3, Columbus, Ga.

LIFE SAVING CROSS
SILVER CROSS

Bessie Patterson, Troop 1, Cherokee, Okla.

Ninth Annual Convention

The Annual Convention will open at the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, April 24th, continuing four full days, closing at 6 o'clock on Friday, April 27th. Hotel reservations should be made direct.

One of the most interesting features of the Convention this year will be a Training Week For Leaders held under the direction of Mrs. Frederick Edey and Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin at the Manor Country Club outside of Washington. Special emphasis will be laid on Tenderfoot work and Troop Management. The course commences on Tuesday, April 17th, and continues until Monday, April 23d. As registrations are limited, they should be filed at National Headquarters as soon as possible. The charge is \$15.00.

A week-end training course for Commissioners will be held April 21st, 22d and the morning of April 23d.

Dexter, Me.

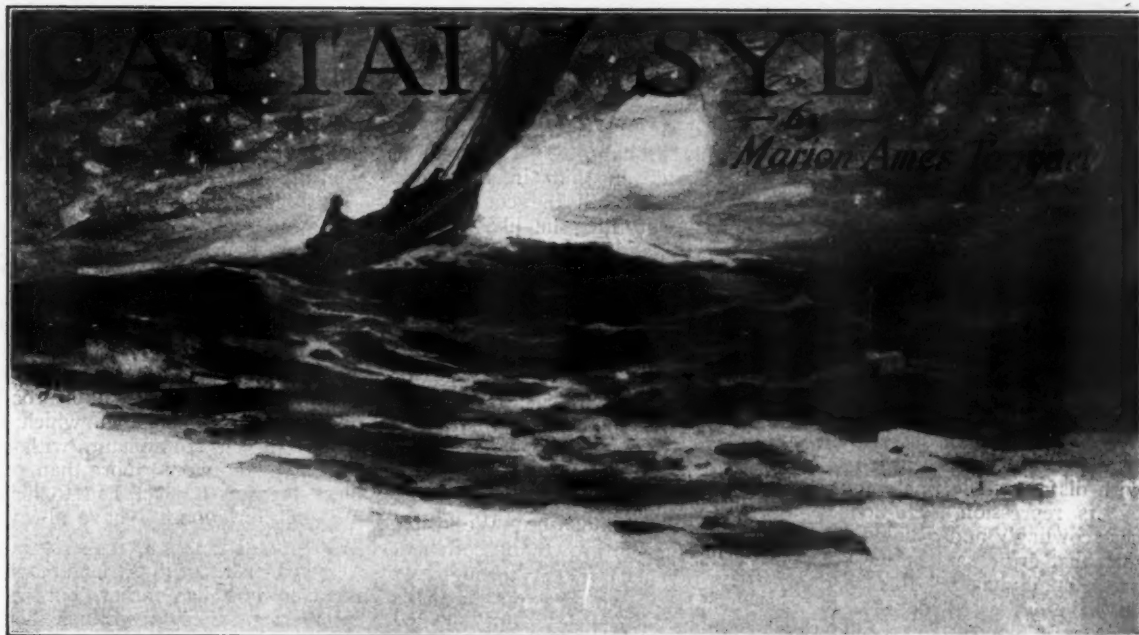
Helen Palmer has been taking the *Little Folks* magazine, but she liked my *AMERICAN GIRL* so well that she decided to change.

CHARLENE C. ROLLINS.

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CHAPTER XV

Promotion

CASSANDRA Billings came in by the side door on her return. She found Sylvia in the kitchen. She was enveloped from neck to hem in a checked gingham apron, of the variety known as "Bungalow aprons," and she was stirring something on the stove, while Susie stood by, forgetting her own tasks, in a wonderment that was perceptible at a glance.

Cassandra took off her severe shade hat, hung it on a nail behind the door, and, only then, allowed herself to yield to the surprise of seeing Sylvia thus employed.

"Well, Jerusalem Halifax, gentleman, Miss Sylvia!" Cassandra exclaimed. "Do I live to see the day! And do I see the day, or is it sunstroke? It's hot enough! What on earth are you up to?"

Sylvia turned, revealing a crimson face, around her forehead her damp hair clinging.

"You see the day and you see me, Casabianca—Cassie," she said. "I'm up to helping get dinner. Mrs. Leveritt showed me how to make a perfectly scrumptious sauce for cutlets, and I'm making it. It's because I'm promoted, Cassandra Billings! I'm promoted so high that I've got to fill in all the lower stages. I've got to be all sorts of things, just because I'm so great that nothing else matters."

"Miss Sylvia!" cried Cassie,

wrinkling her brow in genuine distress. "What is it? Don't you feel's well's you did? You kept sayin' 'twas only tired, but I knew it had to be more'n that, when 'twas you havin' it. And now you're talkin' so incoherent! Did that awful time you've went through do any real harm? Makes me sick to think of it all, a girl like you!"

"There's the girl like me again, Cassie!" laughed Sylvia. "As though everyone wasn't a girl exactly like herself! It doesn't seem to haunt me, Cassie."

"Well, said Cassandra, "then what are you talking about? What do you mean by promoted, an' gettin' dinner?"

"Cassandra, my father has told me all about his work. Or not all about it, but a beginning. And I'm going to be allowed to go into the laboratory, and he will teach me to help him," said Sylvia slowly and impressively. "Now I shall learn to keep house. Now I shall cook. Now I shall sew and mend. I shall try to be just what a nice girl is who hasn't a scientific father, and isn't allowed to help him add to the knowledge of the world. That's what father is doing, he told me, adding to the sum of knowledge. And I am to help. So I shall have to be everything else I can be. It is *noblesse oblige*; anyone can see that."

"Well, of all things!" ejaculated Cassandra. "Whatever it is, Miss Sylvia, that's led your steps out here, an' set you to makin' anything

whatever, I'm thankful for it! An' if you mean your father's been admittin' you into his confidence, I'm still more glad, an' that not for my sake, much's I'd like to see you growin' into a useful, womanly woman, but for your own sake, child. Ain't that sauce scorchin' the least mite, Miss Sylvia? Better stir it."

Sylvia sprang to the stove and did stir it, tasting it critically and discovering, to her relief, that it was not harmed.

Mrs. Leveritt's delicious sauce suffered no loss at Sylvia's hands. When her father learned from Cassandra—who lost no time in telling him of it—that Sylvia had made the sauce, he praised it highly, and made a point of asking for a second, and then a third helping of it.

Under these conditions a dinner of herbs would have been an Olympian feast to Sylvia. She ate and drank happiness beyond all telling, and earthly flavors were blended and transfused into it.

"Do you feel like coming with me into the laboratory this afternoon, Sylvia?" asked Mr. Bell when dinner was over.

"May I? Shall I be in the way?" cried Sylvia.

"I think I am asking you that you may be in the way—in the way of going there and working there," said Mr. Bell with a smile that warmed the cockles of Sylvia's heart.

It seemed to her the most momentous action of her life when her

father opened the laboratory door, and she entered it behind him.

"How does it strike you, my dear?" asked Mr. Bell, smiling at the absorbed air with which Sylvia stood in the middle of the floor taking in the details.

"As if I just dropped down from another planet, and had no idea what I was seeing," said Sylvia.

"That will soon be changed," Mr. Bell assured her. "Eben, my daughter is going to learn to be a laboratory assistant. She will soon be most useful in tinting our slides, plotting our curves, doing all the many tasks that require sensitive fingers and faithful observation.

Eben Tompkins regarded Sylvia with disfavor that was emphasized by its repression. He looked at her scowlingly and grunted. More than that grunt said he did not express, but Sylvia felt that he could not have expressed more.

After a moment of smouldering disgust, Eben allowed himself a remark.

"Got on well enough!" he muttered, but Mr. Bell prudently indulged in a slight temporary hardness of hearing.

"I was going to start an experiment this afternoon, Sylvia," he said.

"I am going to

study the effect of certain chemicals on the growth of a starfish's new limb. I'll let you start this experiment and keep a record of it. Here are starfish, freshly brought in. Take one of these and put him in this tank. Here he has all the comforts of home, everything he likes best to live with, and on, natural conditions of the best sort. Another we'll put in this tank. The water in this tank is chemically treated. Before we drop the starfish into the tanks, we ask them to take off a leg, politely, just as a pleasant hostess asks you to lay aside your coat and hat. After our starfishes have each shed a leg, we put one in the natural conditioned tank, the other in the chemically treated one. We keep a record of the growth of both new legs. When we get through, we shall know whether our chemicals promote or retard growth, whether the growth is greater or less when

there is no stimulation. Do you see? It is to study the effect of various chemicals on cell formation, and cell formation is the very root of life and health for every class of living organisms. Does it interest you, my dear?"

"Of course!" cried Sylvia. "It makes me feel as if I were seeing a door opening, and through it I could see a long avenue of great arches."

"My dear little Sylvia!" cried Mr. Bell, flushing with pleasure. "And that happy smile makes me feel as if I saw a long, sunny road opening before me, down which I should march triumphant, with a daughter who would more than replace the son I never had to help me, and for whom I have always longed."

Sylvia made an impetuous movement to hug her father, but, remembering Eben, restrained herself.

Her shining eyes were sufficient to show her father her joy in what he said, though her only reply was:

"We must not be poetical in a laboratory, must we, Mr. Bell? How do you ask a starfish to remove his leg? I don't seem to know how to address one."

"You hold him up by one leg till he drops it off, which he will do reasonably soon. You must select starfish of the same age for your experiment, else there will not be an accurate basis of comparison of growth," her father said, with a pat on Sylvia's arm by way of acknowledging her grateful look toward him.

Sylvia went over to the pail containing the starfishes ready for use.

"Will two starfishes of the fourth grade please come forward for examination?" she said, bending over them. "They are exactly like the eldest oyster, father; he 'did not choose to leave the oyster bed,' you know. How in the world can you judge their age?"

"Take two of the same size, and risk the birthday," said Mr. Bell, laughing aloud. "Nonsense doesn't do any harm here, Sylvia, but let it be no more than on your lips; if you want to do faithful work you must keep your mind steady, your attention focussed on what you are about."

Sylvia picked up two starfishes, and showed them to her father.

"These?" she asked, nodding in reply to his reminder that her love of play must be bridled.



Sylvia went over to the pail containing the starfishes ready for use.

The starfishes obligingly dropped off a leg and were placed in their respective tanks.

"Now I'll show you how to plot the curves of this experiment, and then, you must keep the record," said Mr. Bell, going over to the long drawing table that occupied nearly the entire length of the southern side of the room.

"Father, you said something about plotting before!" cried Sylvia. "What can you mean? I don't want to plot! And to plot starfishes' curves! It doesn't sound like a nice plot—like getting Prince Charlie home from over the water, or something dangerous and revolutionary in Poland."

"It isn't a conspiracy, my dear; it's not that kind of a plot. It's a laying-out, in the sense of a garden plot," Mr. Bell explained. "See here. Lines going across—you may as well learn proper words in the beginning—are called abscissae."

Mr. Bell drew a number of lines across the width of his paper. Then he drew an equal number vertically. "And these upright lines," he went on, "are called ordinates. Now each line of the ordinates shall stand for a day. We'll number them below." He rapidly wrote numbers at the end of each line, numbering from one up. "And the abscissae will record growth. Each day you will measure your starfish. If he has grown one millimetre, for instance, you will draw a line from the first ordinate to the second or third abscissa. So, when your experiment is done, you will have a rising line showing exactly what the growth has been from day to day, and you will compare these two charts to learn which starfish grew faster, the chemically treated one, or the one left to nature unassisted. Do you understand?"

MR. BELL pushed over to Sylvia the chart upon which he had been drawing lines to illustrate what he was saying.

"I see; it is like a fever chart," said Sylvia.

"Precisely. After this I shall teach you to make specimens of the tissue thus grown, to color them, prepare them for the microscope. Let me show you slides already prepared." Mr. Bell led Sylvia to the opposite, smaller table, on which only the microscope stood. "Do you see those jars of alcohol and xylol on the shelves? And those color stains in the smaller jars behind the table? Those you will

learn to use to prepare the thinnest shaving of the new cells; they are made to reveal their variations by being dipped in a succession of stains of different colors; some tissues take on one color, some another, thus we can see their characteristics; they are brought out by the difference in color. Then we make the specimens transparent, and at last the microscope shows us the secrets which we, though unseeing, made ready for it to reveal."

FATHER, what patience, what patience!" cried Sylvia. "What time it takes! What comes of it all! What about you, your reward?"

"Patience? Indeed it requires patience, also perseverance, my dear," said her father. "And time? A lifetime for each explorer in his own line, and that is far too brief. My reward? The work itself, the delight in it, daily renewed for one thing. For another, the hope of adding to the world's knowledge, as I've already told you. The scientist, my little girl, does not set out with the hope of receiving, but of giving, if he is actuated by the best motives. If he is selfish, well, still he does not work for material reward, but to gain knowledge."

"Father, what big, big things there are in the world! What big things!" cried Sylvia. "How big even little things are."

"Dear child, there are no little things, in a sense. Nothing is little that is done for and by human beings with an immortal destiny," said Mr. Bell. "I hope you will always be keen-sighted and enthusiastic enough to feel, as you just said, 'How big even little things are.'"

"I hope so, too, father," cried Sylvia. "I do see it now, but I've noticed that older people seem to get—well, tired of getting up steam!"

"And let their fires die down? That's true. I fancy the truth of the saying that 'those whom the gods love die young,' lies in the fact that idealists die young-hearted, 'keeping up steam,' as you call it, for I'm sure the high gods love idealists." Mr. Bell smiled at Sylvia very fondly.

"These discussions will be forbidden when we are regularly at work here, my dear, but this is a reception to you, your debut in science! You can't learn to work here

merely by being told about it; you must get to work and learn by doing."

"I'm going after specimens the day after tomorrow, down the bay and farther. Suppose you sail me there; would it interfere with any of your plans, my dear?" he asked.

"Lovely! I should say not!" cried Sylvia. "Father, I'm sorry, but I've been hearing Lloyd Hapgood whoo-whooping for me. Will you mind if I go out to see what is the matter? It must be something more than just visiting, or he'd give up calling me and go away."

"Certainly, my dear; I did not hear anything."

She started off, flew back, caught her father around the neck, kissed him three times with immense sincerity and disregard of sullen Eben Tompkins, and then was gone.

"Mr. Clemenly Bell," said Eben Tompkins as soon as Sylvia had darted away, "am I your Laboratorian, or not?"

LABORATORY—"Mr Bell checked his involuntary wonder at Eben's word. "You surely are just what you have been all along, Eben; my reliable and valued all-around assistant."

"Then, Mr. Bell," said Eben severely, "I must say I want to be it with peace of mind. I do not think, I do not think this is any place for misses; for the simple but convincing reason that misses are misses; they miss 'most everything a sensible man, out-grown the playroom, likes to have in his workin' hours."

"One moment, Eben; that will do. My daughter will assist in my work, if she is kind enough to consent to do so. And furthermore, I am the best judge of what and whom is to be useful here. Good gracious, man," cried Mr. Bell in a burst of feeling most unlike his usual quiet manner, "can't you see what I've been losing, and, if you care for me, as I know you do, can't you be thankful I've seen it at last, and got it? If all the science in the world were weighed in the balance, would it equal the sum of the love of that child?"

CHAPTER XVI

"All Our Swains Commend Her."

WELL, Tink, come home with us when we go; we'll take you to an ear specialist, got a dandy one where we live!" cried Lloyd when Sylvia came run-

ning around the house to find him and Ruth despairing of her coming. "We've whooped and whooped, and called and called! Where were you?"

"In the laboratory," said Sylvia, with elaborate carelessness. "I am going to help my father in his great work all the rest of my life. I started an experiment today; that's all, but that was only the beginning."

Suddenly she dropped her assumed manner, caught Ruth around the waist and swung her feet, spinning around with the smaller girl held fast.

"Ruth, Ruth, you nice little thing, father's pleased because I thought him dishonest!" she cried. "I mean he's pleased because I didn't care if he was a criminal. No, I don't either! Oh, you know what I mean!"

"Course!" cried Ruth, catching her breath again after the spin.

Lloyd offered Sylvia a package and a letter which he held. The envelope bore on the upper left corner the name and address of the Secret Service office in the city, and Sylvia looked from it to Lloyd and Ruth with questioning eyes.

"Open it and see," Ruth impatiently answered their question. "I wonder why no one ever does hurry to open an envelope when they want to know what's in it! We're crazy to know!"

Sylvia laughed and started to tear the envelope, but Ruth intervened offering her hat pin.

"Slit it nicely, Sylvia; you may want to keep it," she said.

"Oh, cracky! Crazy to know, and stop to slit an envelope neatly!" Lloyd shouted. "What for, Ruth? To hand down to future generations? Girls are great!"

"Quite so, Mr. Hapgood; they are," agreed Sylvia, who by this time had made the "neat slit" recommended by Ruth. She drew from the long envelope two sheets of paper. One was a brief, but impressive missive. It was duly headed with "Miss Sylvia Bell's" name and address, and began: "Dear Madam."

From this point the writer—in the third person, and in the name of his office—begged leave to thank Miss Bell for her "recent service to the government in discovering the headquarters, and contributing to the arrest of certain criminals who were counterfeiting the currency."

THE STORY SO FAR

Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood are spending the summer at the seashore where they meet Sylvia Bell, known in the town as Captain Sylvia. Sylvia has as her closest chum, her dog, Charles O'Malley. She lives with her father and a housekeeper in the village the year 'round. Her father is so wrapped up in research work that he has very little time to give to his daughter—so that except for her dog, she has had very little companionship. She becomes very fond of the Hapgoods and takes them sailing—they in turn help her when Cassandra, her maid, is obliged to go off for a day, for Ruth is a splendid little housekeeper. In one of her tramps with her dog, she stumbles upon a little house, which seems very mysterious to her and which she plans to keep to herself. Just within a few days she has the joy of sailing her father home and also of making the acquaintance of two rather mysterious men who have been hanging around the village and who are apparently anxious to find out if anything unusual has been going on. The two men, who turn out to be detectives, ask her to help them find some counterfeiters who are believed to be in the vicinity. Sylvia believes they mean her father, whose work fits in with their description, and tells them about the "little house" agreeing to take them there the next day and in the meantime goes home to meet her father in an agony of fear. After a short talk she finds out that her father is going away and she goes to bed happy at the thought she has helped him to escape. The next morning she and Lloyd go with the detectives and discover the counterfeiting plant at the little house much to the surprise and joy of Sylvia and Lloyd who has realized all along in what terrible fear Sylvia was living. When Mr. Bell learns what his daughter has been through and how brave she has been, he realizes at last that she has grown up. When he promises to take her into his laboratory and teach her to be an assistant to him, Sylvia is in a state of utter bliss.

The writer—in the third person—begged permission also to express the obligation of his office and of that branch of the government service to Miss Bell, and to "be allowed to subscribe himself her humble servant. "Alexander Hughes."

Beneath which followed three other signatures of subordinate, yet important members of this chief's staff.

"Mercy me!" gasped Sylvia. "Isn't it rather awful?"

"Rather not!" Lloyd corrected her. "Read the other one, Tink. That must offer you a what-do-you-call-it? A scrap book, no, a portfolio in the cabinet."

Sylvia unfolded the second letter and glanced at the signature.

"Oh, Mr. Lindley!" she cried, and read:

"Dear Miss Bell (Captain Sylvia)—I've been thinking a lot about what a good little sport you were, and how well you helped us. It was no fun, that's certain, and I didn't know at the time what there was to make it especially hard for you. I've told the office about it, and the chief is writing you his formal, but sincere thanks, backed by the rest of the staff."

"I want to thank you more than I'm able to. And just how much I have to thank you, you'll see when I tell you that my promotion and increase of income depended on my putting this job through right. And on my promotion depended the happiness of a mighty nice girl, only about seven years older than you are, which will be no difference at all ten years hence. I am going to marry this sweet little girl next October, and if I had failed to catch the scalawags I was sent to find on your coast, I should not have been able to marry for some time. So you see, I'm grateful to you, and so is the nice girl I'm telling you about."

"I noticed that you were never separated from that Irish terrier of yours that you call O'Malley, and that he is the very apple of your eye. He couldn't see straight with his eyes, for he thought there was something wrong about your humble servant; you remember he always growled at me. However, I bear no malice. He is right to guard his mistress. I want to send you something, not as a reward—don't misunderstand me—but as a reminder that I'm truly grateful. I couldn't think of anything you'd be willing to take from me, except a collar for O'Malley. So I'm sending you that by parcel post, in the same mail with this. Hope it fits him. I got the measure of another Irish terrier to go by. Tell O'Malley that it's coals of fire, as well as a thank offering to his lady. Bid him repent for the things he said to me every time we met. Hoping some time to have the pleasure of seeing you again, and that all happiness may come your way, I am gratefully and sincerely

"Yours,

"WILLIAM LINDLEY."

"Well, isn't that nice, Sylvia!" cried Ruth, much impressed. "To think that you helped him to get his promotion, and now he'll be married! You helped two people to be happy together!"

"Ruth! Don't, don't get sentimental!" cried Sylvia. "But it is a nice letter; it's the kind that makes you think the writer meant every word of it. I'm as pleased as Punch, and it is fine to have been able to help."

"Open up the collar, Tink. Look at O'Malley!" cried Lloyd.

O'Malley was dancing what may have been an Irish reel, knowing he was the subject of the conversation, and receiving no attention.

"Oh, my bold dragoon, you've a present, parcel post!" cried Sylvia, falling upon him vehemently. Then she tore open the parcel and

took from its box O'Malley's new collar.

It was made of green leather, and its buckle, ring, name plate and slide were of silver. The name plate was engraved "Sylvia Bell" in remarkably beautiful letters, beautifully executed. On each side of the name plate were three good-sized tourmalines, set in silver, in the shape of a shamrock, sunk and rivetted into the leather.

"My goodness!" cried Ruth. "Who ever saw such a dog collar?"

"At any rate, it's perfectly magnificent, it's like the collar of a king; but it's not so glorious as you are, Charles O'Malley, dog of the world! Come here, my Irish dragoon, and accept this tribute to your worth entrusted to your unworthy handmaiden."

SHE took off O'Malley's old collar and buckled on the new one, fastening it with one more touch of elegance, a silver padlock which Ruth discovered in the box in which it had come.

"Pay tribute! He's the last of the Irish kings!" cried Sylvia.

She fell on her knees on the grass and made deep obeisance, spreading her hands on the ground and touching her forehead to it between them. Ruth and Lloyd, catching her spirit, followed suit.

Mr. Bell heard the ringing shouts of laughter, and came out from his laboratory to learn their cause. He admired O'Malley's collar with unstinted praise; he read Sylvia's two letters with unmistakable pleasure. When he folded them to return them to her, he whistled a beautiful air, looking at Ruth and Lloyd with a gleam in his eyes, which Ruth noticed were like Sylvia's own, dark blue, with the same dark lashes, and the earnestness so readily turned to mirth.

"I don't know that, Mr. Bell," Ruth said, seeing that Mr. Bell meant something by his whistling.

Then Mr. Bell surprised Sylvia by beginning to sing, in a mellow baritone:

"Who is Sylvia, what is she,
That all our swains commend her?"
He broke off at this point with a comical look of alarm.

"Mussn't go on!" he said. "This spoiled girl of mine would forget how long ago Shakespeare wrote it, and imagine it was her own description! But 'all our swains' do seem to 'commend' you of late, Captain Sylvia, don't they? Even Gabriel Gabby and your purblind fa-

ther! Ruth and Lloyd Hapgood, this old salt is going to take me out in her good ship the day after tomorrow. Why don't you persuade her to ask you to join her crew? But early, mind! It's the early scientist that catches the worm. Will you come? What about it, Sylvia?"

"Fine—if they will not be seasick!" Sylvia said.

"We'd love to go, sir," said Lloyd. "Seasick! Not much, Tink! We're over that. You're awfully kind, Mr. Bell."

"I must get back to my work. Couldn't resist coming out to see why you were laughing. Don't forget the sail, girl and boy! O'Malley, your glory is such that it is hard to bear! No man wants to feel insignificant before his child's Irish terrier! Good-bye, all of you!"

Mr. Bell left them. A silence fell upon the group. Lloyd and Ruth looked at each other so surprised that they avoided Sylvia's eyes.

"Why, Tink, he's a peach!" Lloyd burst out at last.

"Oh, of course," Sylvia said carelessly, turning away with a shrug of her shoulders to express the obviousness of Lloyd's statement. But there was another reason for her turning away and her carelessness was not convincing.

Sylvia arose with the sun on the second morning, the morning of the first trip which her father had ever taken in *The Walloping Window Blind* by previous plan and intention.

SYLVIA had spent the previous afternoon cleaning what was already clean, polishing what did not need polishing on her boat. Lloyd and Ruth helped her; they perceived that this first trip, in *The Walloping Window Blind* to gather specimens was something in the nature of an enlistment, and decidedly an Event.

"Father has taken me into the laboratory; now I'll take him into my boat," Sylvia brought herself to say. She could not talk about the joy that flooded her. It lay like

a hidden fire, deep within her, but her eyes reflected the glow, and she was blossoming into beauty under its stimulation.

WHEN she came down that morning, dressed in her middie and skirt, her old hat pulled down on her head as usual, she found her father waiting for her, early as it was.

"I have to look like this, father-ums," she said apologetically. "I can't seem to sail decently unless I look like a tramp—it's so comfortable. Please don't look at me. I let O'Malley wear his new collar, so one of us will be in full dress. He always sits 'way forward, too!"

"All right, Captain Sylvia. Far be it from me to criticize the first officer of the ship," returned Mr. Bell.

"If it hadn't been for Aunt Helen, I'd never made it," Lloyd answered when Mr. Bell approved his and Ruth's prompt appearance on the beach.

"Run the tender down to the water for me; maybe you'll fall asleep here, if you don't exercise," suggested Sylvia.

"No fear, but here goes!" Lloyd replied, and the tender was afloat in no time.

The Walloping Window Blind's preternatural cleanness brought her into unity with the clean, new day. O'Malley, at his post beside the mast, emitted gleams of spring-hued greens as he turned his head, and the sunshine struck upon the tourmaline shamrocks in his collar.

Mr. Bell sighed contentedly, stretching out his length of limb, as if to get the full benefit of the warmth all down it. He watched Sylvia from beneath his lids when she did not realize it, and the lines around his lips softened into great tenderness as he saw how skillfully she manipulated her craft, how bonny she was in spite of her shabby hat, pushed back from her broad forehead, her dark hair blown and waving around her flushed cheeks.

They made fast in a rocky inlet of the bay which Mr. Bell selected as a favorite resort of starfish. They all got out and spent over an hour scrambling upon the slippery rocks, gathering the starfish in their hollow pools, finding the hideous sea cucumbers in the shallow water just beyond the line of a small piece of sandy beach at the head of the inlet, and depositing their captures in Mr. Bell's pails.

(Continued on page 37)



A Most Unusual Story—

WANDERING VOICES

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

HER desk was Gladys Hammon's first objective after she set down her suit-case in her room at Stone House. On her table lay all her mail that had accumulated during the two weeks that she had been away on her Christmas vacation. She threw aside the couple of magazines that rested on top and picked up her letters. One of them bearing the address, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, attracted her attention and she opened it first. Her surprised cry brought her sister running from the bedroom into which she had taken her coat.

"What's the matter?" Margaret Hammon demanded.

Gladys' only answer was to hold out the single sheet of paper. It was addressed to both of them and dated several days before their holidays began.

"Dear Misses Hammon:" it began.

"It is always difficult for the head of a college to do any entertaining because he is always charged with favoritism. However, in this case I can shift the responsibility somewhat onto the faculty. We are to be honored on January 6th by the visit of Miss Ethel Roderick, the famous English novelist, who will speak to the Natick girls in the evening. I am asking some of the girls to meet her before the lecture, since one of the objects of her visit to our country is to get acquainted with us. And so I should like to have the Hammon Twins consider themselves invited to a formal dinner at six o'clock of that day."

"The sixth!" gasped Margaret — "Why, that's — that's today."

"That's the trouble. Formal means evening gown and mine is in the trunk down at the station. We can't go."

"Can't go? It's been the desire of my life to go there for a meal and be waited on by the only negro butler in Natick. Besides, why can't we get your dress?"

"We'd have to accept. Probably they didn't hear from us and so don't expect us any more. And then it is too late to get the dress."

"It's only half past three. I'll go down to the station and get someone to bring it up."

"Provided it has come. Of course, we sent it a couple of days early, but that's no sign it got through."

"Of course it did," cried Margaret. "Our luck will still hold. The big trouble with you is that you don't depend on our luck enough. You must exercise it the way you do your muscles if you want it to get stronger."

"All right. Come on, then, and we'll exercise it together."

With that, the Hammon Twins raced down to the village, stopping on the way at the President's house to explain why they had not accepted before. There were two expressmen at the railroad station and Margaret asked one of them to wait until she went to see if her trunk had come. She promised to call him if it was there. Then the Twins went into the baggage room.

Few man-made disorders are equal to the confusion of a baggage room when dozens and scores of trunks are piled anywhere into a tiny room not half large enough to contain the luggage of all the returning girls at once. Such confusion seemed to have gone to the head of the lone baggage-master. He had just about disposed of the jumble of trunks dumped upon him from the afternoon train and his temper was not of the best.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't know!" he shouted as Gladys inquired for her trunk. "How can I tell anything when you girls come screaming around here the way you do?"

"But I need it right away," she remonstrated.

"They all say that. Give me time, won't you? Leave your check with the expressman and you'll get it as soon as possible." Then he rushed

off to the platform without one backward look, to push a truck into position.

"Impudent, isn't he?" commented, Margaret, looking after him.

"It's the nature of the brute," her sister answered. "But let's wander around and see if we can't find it ourselves."

It seemed like a hopeless task, to find their little steamer trunk among the many there. The sides of the room nearest the tracks were in fairly good order with the trunks ranged side by side. Several of them looked like the missing one, but closer inspection proved that they were the property of some one else.

"I'm glad we had that monogram put on every side," Gladys remarked. "There is no room here to turn a trunk around, hunting for a check or distinguishing mark."

"And you can be sure the gentlemanly baggageman won't help us," her Twin added.

There was only one other place to search. Purposely they had left it to the last. In one corner of the room a stack of trunks reached the roof. They had been pitched there without the slightest semblance of order, as though with the intention of getting them out of the way.

"Do you suppose it is there?" asked Margaret, with a despairing look at the jumble. "If it is, we'll never find it till they are moved."

"We've got to find it. This is the first time Prexy ever invited me to dinner. We said we could come, and I'm going to have my evening dress or die in the attempt."

SUPPOSE you can't get it, what then? Surely we can borrow from somebody at Stone. I'm sorry you took it home to get it fixed."

"The borrowing would never work. Prexy addressed Twins in his invitation. I've a hunch he wanted us to come dressed alike. And we haven't dressed as we used

to more than once or twice this term. Now who is talking about exercising your luck? Have you given up hopes?"

"You win. No, I'm sure it's there. Let's see if we can't climb around and discover it."

"And bring them toppling onto us in the meantime? Nothing doing!"

Margaret hesitated. "I don't suppose it would do any good to ask him to move them and look."

"He almost bit off my nose when I merely tried to hand him the check. I'm not going to take a chance on his eating me alive."

crawl in through the crack and see where it is."

Gladys grabbed her shoulder. "That's the idea! Hurray, we're saved. We'll find out if it is there, and pay back the baggageman for his meanness at the same time."

"How?"

"Under what circumstances would that man have to move the pile?" Gladys Hammon demanded.

"Why, if his boss came in and told him to, or if he were paid enough—Say, you don't mean to bribe him?" she cried in alarm. "Remember we've got to go easy on our money till the midyear bills come in."

"No, that's not the scheme. Try again."



The man yanked it out and hurled it after the rest of the trunks.

"Then how can we find out whether it's there?"

Both girls were deep in thought. "If the president of the road would suddenly come in through that door," mused Margaret.

"We might complain to the station master, but I don't suppose that would do a bit of good, and it's getting nearer dinner time every second."

"I wish I were a little spirit," Margaret lamented. "Then I could

"I give it up. The way he answered us, he won't move his hand unless it were a life and death matter."

Gladys nodded. "You've guessed it. That's what it is, life and death." Then her voice took on a serious tone. "Didn't you realize that there is a man being slowly crushed to death under that huge pile of trunks?"

"You mean——" Margaret's eyes twinkled.

"That's it! Wait till he comes and then look serious. Perhaps we better go onto the platform till he comes back."

As they turned, a man came inside, looked around for an instant, and went out again. The Twins stood at the door by the platform. The baggageman was returning. Beside him walked a little lady dressed in black who carried a small purse and was holding out a baggage check to him.

"Get ready," Gladys warned as she stepped through the door. Margaret paused only long enough to throw her weight against a big trunk and to send it sliding toward the floor. Then she, too, was out of the station when the trunk landed with a crash. "I hope no perfumery bottles were busted," Margaret whispered as she turned and looked inside. The trunk had fallen close to another one and the cause of the noise was not at all apparent.

Gladys, after one look inside, screamed. "Oh, come, come quick!"

The baggageman left the woman unceremoniously and ran up. "What—what is it?" he gasped. "What made the noise?"

"There was a man over there by that pile of trunks an instant ago," Gladys cried. "He's out of sight."

While she was speaking, a long moan sounded from that direction. The baggageman gazed helplessly. "How—how did he ever get back there?" he stuttered.

"Where is he?" Margaret demanded.

"Help! Help! Get these trunks off me before I'm killed" came in agonizing tones from that tall pile of trunks.

"He's over back of them all—he must have got behind before they fell against the wall." The man started toward the corner.

"Quick!" begged the imploring voice.

"All right, all right, I'm coming. But if you were fool enough to get back there you ought to be made to get yourself out." He climbed on a trunk to see behind. At this there was a howl of pain.

"Get off me," shrieked the voice. "Aren't these trunks heavy enough without adding your fat body to them? Oh, I wish you were under here instead of me, you clumsy."

"Careful, Glad," whispered Margaret. "Keep him in character. No man would ever call another 'you

clumsy'." She had to speak low to keep her words from the ears of the little woman in black who had come inside and stood near them watching the spectacle in amazement.

In spite of the wintry weather outside, the room was rather warm, and perspiration ran in rivulets down the face of the baggageman as he pulled down one trunk after another with laudable energy, but with little regard to their contents. "Where are you?" he kept inquiring.

"Can't you tell from the sound of my voice? Why do they have stupid people in a railroad office, I'd like to know."

"Your voice doesn't keep in one place long enough." He stopped for a moment to dig out his handkerchief from his back pocket. It was apparent that he was angry. "When I'm trying to get you out", he complained, putting his hand to his aching back, "you ought not to insult me".

"Well, get to work, get to work. Don't stand there talking when—oh I'm dying." The voice was growing weaker all the time.

"I can't understand where he is," exploded the railroad employee to no one in particular. "How can he be under here and I not see him?" There were only a few more layers there now. The other trunks were strewn around that end of the station.

TO work, and don't chatter," came in gasps. "Oh, I'm done. Let me alone. Let me lie in peace. I'm—I'm—dead!" The last word was only whispered.

Margaret suddenly caught her sister's hand. In the opening made by the removal of one trunk, she had spied their missing trunk with its white diamond and square H monogram. The man yanked it out and hurled it after the rest of the boxes. Margaret moved it a little farther and set it in a place of safety near the door where it was in plain sight.

The baggageman paid no attention to her. He was still searching for the buried man whose silence bewildered him. Finally, when the last layer of trunks was in sight, the man paused and looked all around. "Hey, where are you?" he demanded.

No answer was returned to this plain, simple question.

"Are you dead?"

Still there was no answer.

"Well, if this ain't the curious thing. Makes a body believe in ghosts." Grumbling to himself, he looked all around between the trunks and in the space near the walls. There was not the slightest sign of the unfortunate man whose groans had moved them all to pity.

WHEN he tried to jump down, it was the baggageman who groaned. He had been leaning over so long that now he could not stand erect. In fact, walking nearly double was his only means of avoiding immediate agony.

The Twins said nothing. They were interested only in the problem of getting away quickly, and so as unobtrusively as possible they left, leaving behind the lady in black. "We will send for the trunk later," Gladys called back. "Thank you for being so courteous. We wouldn't think of troubling you farther now."

The baggageman was beyond speech, so they shut the door and crossed the driveway to find the waiting expressman. To him they delivered the check. "Please get it at once," Gladys requested. "And bring it as soon as you possibly can to Stone House."

"If I can find it I'll bring it right away," he promised.

"You can't miss it. It is in plain sight about ten feet from the front door. It's a small black steamer trunk with a white diamond on the end. You'll have no difficulty in finding it."

"Very well, I'll have it up there before you get there, then," and he went away whistling toward the baggage room.

"I hope he doesn't say too much to the baggageman," laughed Gladys. "I'm afraid there'll be a riot if he does."

"That was sure funny to see him chasing your wandering voice under the trunks, Glad. But don't you think he'll suspect?"

"Suspect what? He couldn't connect us with the voice. And we didn't tell him that there was anybody under the pile. Yet I'm sort of sorry for the way he worked. I'd never have done it if he hadn't been so mean and grouchy."

"Of course not. You wouldn't have needed to. He got just what he deserved and I'm only sorry he can't know why he was sent chasing a dying man. But we got our trunk and that was all we were after."

Indeed, before they reached the campus, the expressman in his wagon passed them. "I got it," he called. And the black steamer trunk was waiting on the steps to greet them as they ran up the path.

One of the other sophomores was there. "How did you do it?" she inquired as she saw them sliding the trunk through the hall. "I took my check down last night and they haven't sent my stuff up yet."

"Well, we went down and hunted it out," said Margaret simply. But when the Bunch was holding its reunion in their room, while the Twins were dressing they regaled their friends with a full account of the episode. Lovey was laughing so hard that she could hardly hook up Margaret's dress.

"Couldn't get the best of you," she chuckled. "But I wish that English writer could have been around. That would have given her a fine idea of the helplessness of American girls. To think that the two of you couldn't persuade one lone man to hunt for your trunk because he was engaged on First Aid work," and she went off into another gale of laughter.

"She wouldn't have seen anything funny in it," Glen remonstrated. "The English don't have any sense of humor."

"Don't you believe it," flared Flo. "They sure do. Why, I know an English fellow who—"

It was the signal for a concerted attack upon that young lady. Before they were finished, they knew all the details of the age, appearance and the rest of a young Englishman whom Flo had met the previous summer.

GLADYS finished dressing while they were still discussing him. "Well, I'm sorry I can't hear the rest of his family history," she told them. "But I feel as though I ought to go to the library and get a book by this woman so I'll not be so stupid when I meet her."

"Won't do any good," replied Flo, glad of an excuse to change the subject. "They're all out. I went after one. But Miss Burns finally let me borrow a copy of her own. It's in on my table if you want to see it. Not half bad, either, about spooks or mystics or something."

After Gladys had brought it down, she skimmed it through, aided by Flo who had read it before. And

(Continued on page 25)

A GIRL SCOUT OF THE REVOLUTION

By M. A. Edgerton

Illustrated by William Schnelle

HER morning's work done, Nannie Brent sat on the doorstep of the rude log cabin that was her home, gazing idly about her. She had earned the right to rest, having risen early, cooked breakfast at the huge fireplace on one side of the living room, attended to the rest of the housework, then milked the cow and took her into the forest where there was scant pasturage but comparative safety from capture by foraging soldiers of either the British or Continental armies. In addition to all this—which was a heavy task for a child of twelve years—she had acted as nurse for her mother who lay ill in the loft above the living room.

There was little to interest her in the view from the cabin door—it was too familiar a scene,—the small clearing with its stumps of cut off trees and the surrounding forest now garbing itself in the brilliant hues of autumn. No sound disturbed the quiet except the buzzing, humming and droning of insects, or a distant bird note. Suddenly Nannie sprang to her feet, for she thought she heard trotting horses. Looking south along the road, she soon saw a scarlet-coated band of cavalymen coming rapidly towards her, and she knew it must be a British officer and his staff, as she had seen many of them riding by.

Eastern Virginia where Nannie lived, had long been overrun by the contending armies, which fact tended to make the inhabitants of the region, while heartily in sympathy with the Continentals, profess a neutrality they were far from feeling, in order to protect their lives and property. Recently they had learned of the arrival of Gen. Cornwallis, who only waited for expected reinforcements before striking the decisive blow that he thought would end the war and return the rebellious Colonies to the King.

Rumors were also afloat of the approaching French fleet that would prevent Cornwallis from receiving any naval aid, while Washington's forces were closing in on the unfortunate general. At this welcome

news many Virginians left their homes to enlist in the Continental army, and among these was Richard Brent, Nannie's father. No word had come from him to his wife and daughter telling of his safe arrival at camp, and this made Nannie the more apprehensive as to what might be the purpose of the approaching company.

Drawing rein at the gate, the officers dismounted and, leaving their horses in charge of soldiers, came up the walk to where the frightened child was standing—their spurs clanking at every step, and their sword sheaths flashing in the sunlight. Nannie wanted to run away and hide; but the thought of her sick mother kept her where she was.

There were three officers and the one in command, from the amount of gold lace and other insignia he wore, was evidently of high rank. When they reached the door, the leader asked Nannie to tell her father a British officer wished to speak with him.

Dropping a curtsy, the little maid replied: "Please sir, Father isn't here now."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Gone to join the rebels, I'll wager," said the officer with an oath. "Well then, where is your mother?"

"She is sick in bed, sir."

"Well, we must have dinner. Riding all the morning makes men hungry. Can you give us something?"

"Yes, sir, I sometimes cook for Father and Mother, but I am afraid to cook for one of the gentry, like yourself, sir."

"If you will do your best, I will give you a shilling", promised the officer.

Nannie could not resist the temptation to steal a glance at this man as he sat talking with his fellow officers while waiting for dinner. He was tall and very stout, and his purple cheeks overhung the tight collar of his uniform. She was too busy to pay any attention to what he was talking about, even if she could have understood it. No one seemed to heed her—they talked as freely as if none but themselves were in the room.

In a remarkably short time dinner was ready and on the table. It was a meal that would have done credit to an older cook. There were sweet and Irish potatoes, cold



Then directions were given her hurriedly—

baked ham, pickles, preserves and jellies, butter, hot corn bread and a pitcher of creamy milk. When her self-invited guests were seated at the table with all the eatables well within reach, Nannie slipped away and climbed the ladder that led to the loft to see if her mother was in need of anything.

She found her sitting up in bed, her face flushed with fever, but in a state of excitement her illness could not have induced. Nannie could not understand it, nor why her mother should caution her to silence and to listen carefully to what she was told. Then, directions were given her hurriedly and in a whisper.

WHILE Nannie, as I have said, paid no attention to the conversation of the British officers, it was far otherwise with her mother who heard enough of what was said in the room below to make her fear for the safety of the Continental Army—which her husband had lately joined, she believed.

"My little girl", whispered Mrs. Brent. "Those men down there say the British are going to attack our soldiers tonight when they are sleeping, and you must carry this message to General Washington. Say to him 'the British will attack you this very night. We—Mother and I—heard some officers talking about it in our house and Mother sent me to let you know'. Repeat this until you are sure you will not forget it—for it may save your father's life."

After Nannie had fully committed the message to memory her mother continued her instructions: "When you go down into the living room do not let those officers see your face if you can help it. They might notice how frightened you are. Take the bucket and go to the branch—as if to fetch water—but when you get there, hide the bucket and run as you never ran before straight for General Washington's headquarters. If you meet anyone do not tell where you are going—be very careful about that. Now are you sure you understand everything I have said to you?"

"Yes, Mother," Nannie replied.

"Then kiss me before you go and may God help you to make the journey in safety," implored the sick woman.

Quietly descending the ladder Nannie took the bucket and slipped out of the door without attracting

the attention of anyone. At the gate she passed the soldiers, one of whom laughingly said he would bring the water for her if he could leave the horses, and in a few minutes she reached the branch, crossed it, and hiding the bucket in the bushes, paused a second to see if she were followed. She entered the wood apparently unobserved and at once started to run.

The ever present thought of her father's danger urging her to maximum effort, Nannie hurried onward, only occasionally pausing to drink from a spring or to release her stout homespun dress when it caught on a bush or tree limb. Without a glimpse of the road now and then, it would have been impossible for her to travel in the right direction. Fortunately, she saw no one but a man who was chopping down a tree and too busily engaged in his work to pay attention to anything else as Nannie carefully stole by him.

So the afternoon wore on and it began to grow dark in the forest. The dim light made it much harder to find her way. She stumbled over fallen trees and entangling vines she could no longer see, and her bare feet were cruelly bruised and bleeding—despite the fact that they were unacquainted with shoes and as hard as leather.

Nannie was no coward but she feared the night. It came at last and with no moon to render her loneliness more endurable. All about her were strange noises unheard by day. Now an owl hooted dismally; twigs cracked as if trod upon by some animal; a bird uttered a startled note; and worse than all was the eerie cry of a wild cat not far away. By this time Nannie was weeping violently, overcome by weariness, pain and fear but she kept on with no thought of failing in her mission.

Finally she reached the edge of the forest and caught sight of many camp fires in the valley below. She was still a mile or more from them, but she felt her strength and cour-

age renewed by the knowledge that they marked the end of her journey.

ALL at once she heard close at hand a harsh voice demanding: "Who goes there?" as a sentinel stepped out from the shadowing trees and barred her way. The moon had risen and, by its light she could see him plainly and the long Queen Anne musket he held in front of her.

Nannie tremblingly explained that she had come a long distance to tell General Washington "What my Mother said".

"But no one can see the general tonight", explained the sentinel.

"Oh, I must—right away," Nannie replied. "If I don't, Father may be killed."

"Where is your father?" asked the sentinel.

"We don't know, sir, but we reckon he joined the army," Nannie tearfully replied. "Oh, please hurry sir, and take me to General Washington."

"Well, I can't take you right away but in a short time I shall be relieved and then we will go to Headquarters. Now you sit down on the grass and rest until the other man comes or you will be too tired to tell your story to the General—or some of his Aides", said the sentinel kindly.

Nannie did not have long to wait before her sentinel friend was relieved from duty, and taking her hand in his, led her to the camp. As he had predicted, however, General Washington could not be seen, but an officer was sent to hear Mrs. Brent's message and at once recognized its importance.

Turning to the former sentinel he commanded: "Take this child to Mistress Connors and tell her to care for her until tomorrow, when General Washington will see her. You may add that she has performed an important service for our cause." Then, bidding Nannie good-night, he hastened to make known to Washington what he had learned of the danger that menaced them.

Nannie was taken to Mistress Connors who received her literally with open arms, exclaiming, "Law me. You poor little thing, how did you dare make that long journey alone? You must be powerful tired and as hungry as a bear. Come right by the fire and get good

(Continued on page 34)





VALENTINE MAKEUPS

By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer



ANNA had lived in her new home only a few months, but she had made friends with two little girls, who lived in the same block.

Now these two little girls were great pals. One was named Marie, and the other Margaret. They were nearly always together, but they weren't selfish. At least, not very!

They made Anna feel quite at home with them, and even told her some of their secrets. And you know how very fond of her they must have been to do that!

One of the secrets was a private sort of post office. It was really just a hollow in the stump of an old tree, but it made a *peach of a letter box*, as Marie said.

Such fun as the girls had sending notes to each other! And sometimes there were presents, too, like lolly pops, or a bit of scarlet ribbon. And once there was a wee dolly made of soap. They had an awful time guessing who could have sent it. But, finally, Margaret giggled so hard her secret was out.

It was just the week before Valentine Day that Anna discovered a dreadful thing. Marie and Margaret had quarrelled and were not speaking to each other. No siree! Not one word!

Anna saw them go to school, their heads held up so high that their noses actually turned up. Of course, they didn't walk together. Marie was fully a block ahead of Margaret, and her short skirts just swished about her legs, she walked so fast.

Now Anna longed to have them make up. But she couldn't for the world think how to bring them together. She made lots of visits to the old tree stump, but the letter box was always empty.

Dear me, wouldn't it be terrible if Valentine Day came and they still hadn't made up? If she could only get them to talk it over!

But finally a bit of an idea did pop into Anna's head. That very

day, right after school, she sought out Marie.

"Listen, Marie," she began, as they linked arms and walked down the street. "Are you going to send any valentines this year?"

"Yes, of course, I'm going to send you one," replied Marie quickly.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Well, I'm going to send you one, too. Suppose we put our Valentines in the secret letter box. You know, there hasn't been anything in it for a long-time." Anna squeezed her friend's arm, and Marie said:

"That will be lots of fun."

"Yes, now don't forget." Anna hurried off in the opposite direction. It was rather an abrupt leave taking, but she had caught sight of Margaret turning a corner. She ran after her.

"Oh, Margaret," she called.

Margaret stopped and waved to her.

"Listen", began Anna, just as soon as she was near enough to be heard. "Are you going to send any Valentines this year?"

"Oh, yes, I've got a lovely one for you," replied Margaret.

There! They had both said very nearly the same thing. It made Anna want to laugh. "Well," she said, "I'm going to send you one, too. Suppose we put our Valentines in the secret letter box."

"Of course, that will be fine!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Don't forget. It's only day after tomorrow," Anna warned her, as she skipped along into her own yard.

She sat down on the bench in the hall feeling sort of excited and thrilly. If it would only work! Then she put her books away and went up to her room. She got out the Valentines she was making for her friends, and worked hard on them.

On Valentine Day she was more excited than ever. She had a cold and had to stay home from school. But at three o'clock she stood at a

front window, her nose flattened against the pane of glass, her eyes fairly glued on the street in the direction of school.

Pretty soon she saw Marie turn the corner. She waved to her, and then ran to open the door.

"Oh, Anna, I do so want to thank you for my lovely Valentine," cried Marie, as she came bounding in.

Before Anna could answer another figure came skipping up the porch steps. It was Margaret.

"Oh, Anna, thanks, thanks so much for your Valentine!" exclaimed Margaret.

"Why girls, there must be a mistake," said Anna, closing the door. "Did you get your Valentines out of the tree stump?"

"Yes, of course," they answered in one breath.

"Let me see them, please. You see, I haven't been out to the secret letter box myself, and I have the Valentines I want to give you right here. Oh, look, Marie. Here is an *M* in the corner of yours. Yes, and there's an *M* in the corner of Margaret's, too. Isn't that queer?" Anna glanced hastily at each of her friends. They had both turned a rosy color.

"You see, I — I —" stammered Marie, "I — I sent that Valentine to Margaret, and I put the *M* in the corner so she would know it was from me."

"And I — I did the same," said Margaret, dropping down into the chair with a little gasp.

"Girls, I know what the *M* really stands for!" exclaimed Anna. "It means, Make-Up!"

"So it does!" And Marie pulled Margaret to her feet, and swung her around in a circle.

"Come, join in the circle, Anna", cried Margaret, her eyes sparkling with fun.

And Anna joined hands with them, and they spun around on their toes and had the best time ever!

THE END.

SCRIBES' CORNER



Boxes of Christmas Cheer packed by the Girl Scouts of Milwaukee, Wis. See article, opposite page.

A Brave Hospital Troop

Agnes O'Brien is a patient in the Kernan Hospital for Crippled Children at Hillsdale. She has some spinal trouble which makes it impossible for her to move below the shoulders and she has been strapped to a frame for years, face down. Everything that she does she has to do propped up on her elbows in this position.

About two years ago, Agnes and several other girls all patients in the hospital decided that they would like to be Girl Scouts. As there was no Captain available at that time, they set to work to earn money for their uniforms. The children who could move made lemonade on visiting days, and the prospective Scouts sold it to their parents and friends. When a nurse in the hospital was finally prevailed upon to take charge of the troop there was already over \$40.00 in the Treasury.

Last spring, under the leadership of Miss Patten, the nurse, assisted by the Local Director, the troop began work on their Tenderfoot test. Agnes was the first to complete her work, and it was exceptional in quality. She assisted in teaching the other girls.

Soon after that, the patients at the hospital wanted a paper, and as Agnes was made editor, and became interested in the publication, she persuaded the troop to finance a printing press for the school. The little magazine is very popular.

During the summer, while the

Local Director was out of town, the troop lost enthusiasm. Agnes was operated upon, and during her illness meetings ceased to be held. As soon as she recovered, she wrote an appealing letter and the director sent a Captain out to help the troop. The girls have had a lawn fete and now have enough money to uniform the entire troop. They are running their entire lives by Scouting and the nurse says that there is a noticeable improvement in the tone of the school since the girls became really interested in Scouting.

A Heroic Girl Scout

Oressa Anderson, fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. S. Anderson, Rockaway Beach, has officially been declared the most heroic girl in all of Greater New York. She was recently presented with the gold medal of the Safety Institute of America for the "most notable act of heroism in New York, during the year 1922". The presentation was made by Police Commissioner Enright at the annual mid-winter rally of the Girl Scouts.

Oressa is the heroine of the Arverne fire which occurred on June 15th, in which 1,500 were made homeless and in which a property loss of \$2,000,000 was sustained.

For her heroism Oressa received not only the award of the Safety Institute of America, but also the Bronze Cross, the highest life saving honor of the Girl Scouts.

Appleton, Wis.

The film is certainly fine, and fitted in very well with our program, a rally of informal character as to stunts and singing, with presentation of ranks and badges. We had a "march of the Merit Badges" with girls costumed to represent badges which they had won; three minutes "stunts" each patrol acting out the motto, slogan, promise or one law; and a brief talk explaining the Girl Scout movement. Badges were presented by patrols, and the movie concluded the evening. We had a good crowd, largely parents, but some Girl Scouts from neighboring towns and a number of Boy Scouts. As it was our first Rally with all the troops, we felt we had reason to be proud of the interest and the number of Merit Badges won. The stage setting was a camp scene, pine trees, pup tent and fire or red paper and logs over an electric light.

E. A.



Oressa Anderson.

HOME NEWS

Pine Mt., Ky.

For several weeks Mr. Deschamps and the Boy Scouts had been putting up recruiting posters, and on Thanksgiving morning they set up two small tents on the playground, one for the Girl Scout headquarters and one for themselves. At dinner our curiosity was further aroused when the Boy Scout and Girl Scout patrol leaders handed out ribbons—red for some patrols and yellow for the rest—with the instructions to tie them on the right arm above the elbow at once.

When the bell rang at two, the whole school assembled on the playground almost before Kitty Ritchie had a chance to blow "Assembly" on the bugle. We opened the Rally with the first verse of "America" and then Mr. Deschamps asked the Girl Scouts for their demonstration. Six of the girls, led by Allie Callahan started out to the center of the playground, when a cry was heard from Fair Anna Harris who broke through the audience into their midst. "She's on fire!" shouted Allie, and with the aid of Pattie Ritche threw her on the ground and proceeded to give directions of First Aid to the other girls about her.

Mr. Deschamps then announced that Roy Redwine had been missing since morning and had last been seen going up the valley toward Aunt Sal's house. The Boy Scouts were to relay a message on foot up to Henry Creech's to see if anything had been seen of Roy from there. In about ten minutes the first runner returned with word that Roy had last been seen going through the woods toward the school. What happened to him after that we did not learn until later.

The two First Aid races which followed between picked couples of Girl Scouts and picked couples of Boy Scouts ended with victory for the first team of girls and the second team of boys. Just as these results were being announced a cry was heard from the woods back of us and Boone Calahan ran off to investigate. In a few minutes he returned with Roy Redwine who, he said, had been bitten by a snake. Boone had put a tourniquet on his



Troop 45, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Every one of these girls is a subscriber to THE AMERICAN GIRL. This band has played in eight different entertainments or parades!

arm and proceeded to explain what to do for snake bites.

The "Game of the Blind" followed this demonstration and we laughed until we could laugh no more to see one blindfolded Scout make frantic efforts to catch another blindfolded and bewildered Scout.

Finally, Mr. Deschamps asked all of the yellow ribbons to get on one side and all of the red ribbons to get on the other, and about 50 boys and girls joined in an exciting game of "Flag Raiding." Cheers and singing followed and then came the inevitable request for set-running, without which no party is considered complete by the children at Pine Mt. L. G.

Seattle, Wash.

At the present time Seattle, Washington, which is one of our largest Western cities, has only one troop of Scouts, and that is a High School Troop. But although the girls are few in number, they are really very active when it comes to doing things that are scoutlike.

Troop 1 has done the following things since last Spring: Furnished a room for the Ruth Home, packed sweets for the disabled soldiers, participated every night in the Wayfarer (Seattle's wonder pageant), took part in the Labor Day celebration at the University Stadium, forming a part of the 10,000 participants, started a library for the Ruth Home, presented Mrs. Calvin Coolidge with a bouquet of

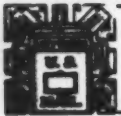
flowers on behalf of the Scouts of Seattle, ushered for the Lincoln High School Girls' Club, and gave a theatre party, using the Golden Eaglet.

At the first of the month of September there were only eight registered Scouts belonging; now there are twelve, and a number of other girls are attending the meetings who will probably join later on.

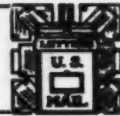
Milwaukee News

The Girl Scouts helped the Red Cross pack the Christmas boxes which the school children of Milwaukee filled for the children of Europe.

It just happened that Girl Scout week and *The Journal Food Show* both came at the same time this year, and we were fortunate enough to have a booth which was well located for Scout demonstrations. At one end of the booth we had a kitchen table, some chairs, and a gas range. Here the girls gave cooking and canning demonstrations. At the other end we arranged a hospital bed, some chairs and a table. Here we showed how an ordinary and hospital bed are properly made and how a patient is carried and lifted into bed. Besides this, we had many imaginary cuts, bruises, sprains, and breaks, for which the proper bandages and First Aid were given. A sewing machine at which the girls made aprons out of old shirts and hemmed our camp dish towels completed the exhibit.



SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The letters on this page have been sent to us by Girl Scouts in different parts of the country.

DEAR MOTHER AND DADDY:

We had such a thrilling time lately. Our Guide Company went into Harrogate to compete for the Harrogate shield and we won. Wasn't it topping? Harrogate College was second. I am so glad we beat them. There were five different things: Knot tying, Morse signalling, stretcher drill, ambulance and Second Class general knowledge. For knots it was a relay race.

We are only under fifteen, and the other companies chose their team from everybody. I was particularly bucked seeing I was the head of the under fifteen company and we got 100/100 for knots and college 80/100 had to go first. Signalling we were also first with 612/700—college second with 566/700. For stretcher drill we got 40/

40, which was awfully good—college second with 29/40, and ambulance we got 19/20—college second with 12/20. In Second Class relay race we got 80/100, and college first with 200/100. So we were first in all but one. The shield is quite nice. An oval figure of a Girl Guide raised with background in aluminum, I think, on wood, with silver shields around it. We are going to give a display to all the school.

MY DEAR VIRGINIA:

I was very pleased to receive your letter, for every morning I looked forward for a letter from an American Scout. We call ourselves Girl Guides in Scotland. We have a Guide meeting every Friday in the school I go to. It is an academy.

We are very busy, for we are practising for the Rally. We are also practising for a Singing Com-

petition. We pay one penny every meeting.

Have you ever been to camp? I went last year, and I never enjoyed anything so much as camp life.

In the summer, our troop often goes out for rambles. We start out in the morning and come back at night. You mentioned "hikes" in your letter. What are they? I have never heard about them before.

I don't have much more to say, but will save my "gas" for the next letter, so goodbye.

Yours truly,
ELLA SLEIGH.

P. S. Thanks very much for what you said about my writing, but fancy imagining for one moment that I should not care to write to you on account of your writing. It is your letters that I want to see, not your handwriting, besides you have heaps of time to improve yet.

VIOLET.

Building a Camp Stove

The working plan (on opposite page) shows a practical camp cook stove that has proved successful. It is not necessary to build this of the materials listed and shown on

the plan. Like the pioneer settlers of our country, make use of the material you have at hand.

Fire brick, for example, is shown on the plans separating the two fire boxes; a stone would do just as

well. Where old tire irons are shown, use anything you can get—pieces of pipe flattened at the end would do nicely. Or you may have new irons handy.

The chimney would be just as good or better if built of stone. Brick would be as serviceable, but not as attractive. Grade the ground at the stove so that you have a dry floor to work on. The "Foundation" for the Trails End stove is placed 2' 6" below the surface of the earth so it rests below the frost line of this part of the country and will stand weather.

Approximate quantity of different materials used:

- 90 cu. ft. stone
- 6 bags of cement
- 1 ½ yards of sand
- 12 fire brick
- 1 six inch terra cotta elbow
- 1 six inch terra cotta pipe
- 2 iron rods 2' 3" long to support hot water can
- 2 iron rods 1' 9" long to support arch between fire boxes
- 10 iron rods for over front fire box
- 2 lbs. 8-penny wire nails for chimney form

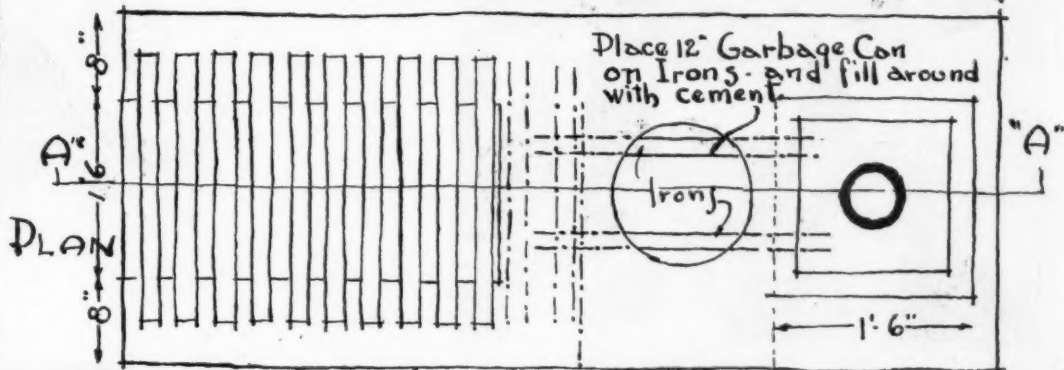
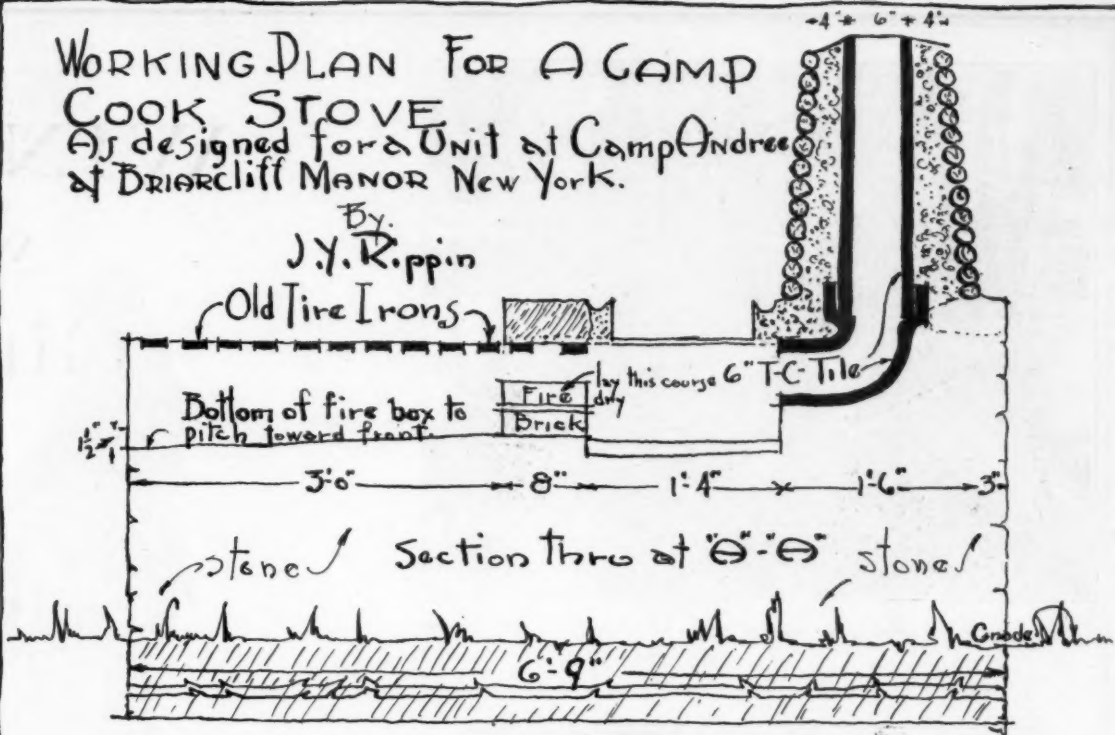


This is the back of the stove (plans of which are shown on the opposite page) at Trails' End, Camp Andrée, New York.

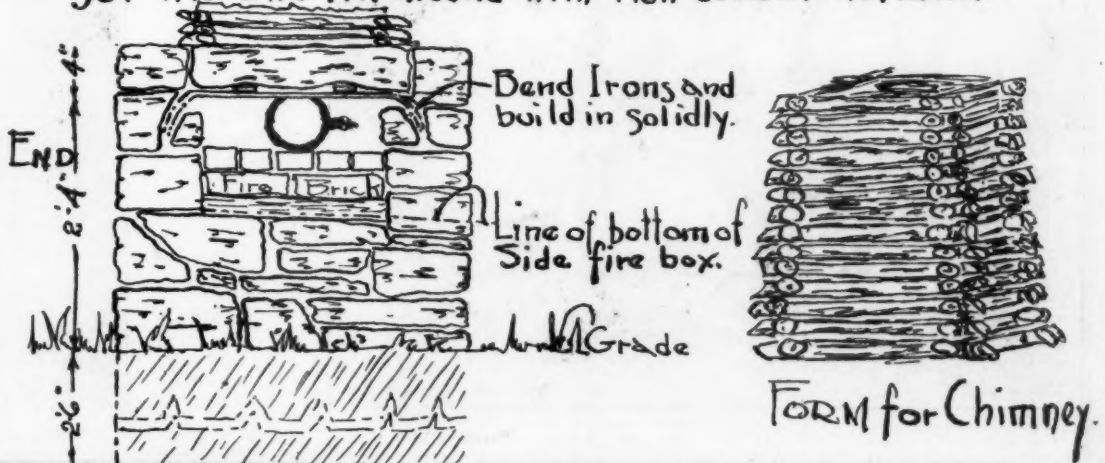
WORKING PLAN FOR A CAMP COOK STOVE

As designed for a Unit at Camp Andree
at Briarcliff Manor New York.

By
J.Y. Rippin



For Chimney build a form of branches about $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in diam notch the wood log cabin fashion - nail together as you build up. Set tile and fill around with rich cement - not too wet.





A winter carnival is the jolliest thing. St. Paul, Minn. Golling.



A bacon bat in the snow—St. Johnsbury, Vt.



Keystone View Co.

WINTER WITH THE Girl Scout



All ready—Camp Paul.



Coasting and skating are popular sports—Camp Andrée, N. Y.

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Suts



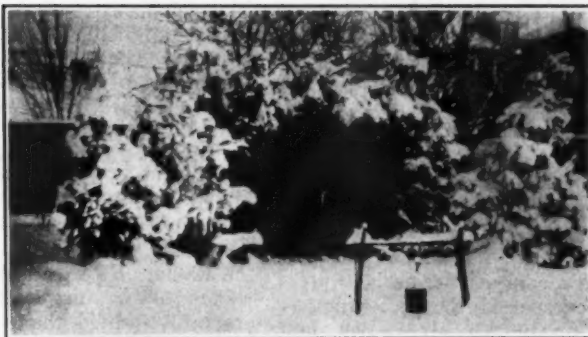
y—Paul, Minn.

Starting on another ski trip—Winners of the ski contest—St. Johnsbury, Vt.



Jenks

Christmas trees make a snug outdoor shelter—Colorado Springs, Colo.



Under fire—Girl Scouts of Minneapolis love to play in the snow.



Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
Julia W. Williamson
Director

Court of Awards

The great event of the Philadelphia Girl Scout year took place on January 6th, when 29 First Class Scouts were given their badges, 7 Scouts received Medals of Merit, and 5 were presented their Golden Eaglet badges. The *"Evening Ledger"* describes the scene as follows:—"The Scouts assembled in the Mayor's reception room in City Hall and in the soft glow from the Christmas trees that still remained as decorations, made a striking picture, as they stood erect in their Scout uniforms to receive the highest honor of Girl Scoutdom". Colonel Franklin B. D'Olier, the first National Commander of the American Legion, presented the Eaglets and, having himself been decorated by the French government, spoke very solemnly comparing the winning of the Golden Eaglet to the winning of the Congressional Medal. He urged the girls to be true to the ideals of the Scouts and faithful to its spirit. He said he was only sorry that he was not a French general who when he bestowed a decoration always kissed the recipient on both cheeks!

The Medal of Merit whose presentation caused the most interest was given to Mrs. Benjamin Swartzman, Office Secretary for the last six years, who has been acting Captain of three troops and who by her cheerfulness and unflagging service has given a real atmosphere of Scouting to the Philadelphia Office.

Scouts receiving the First Class badges were:—Troop 25, Captain Eleanor Fei and Lieutenant Ed-dowes; Troop 32, Scout Ruth Hus-sell; Troop 41, Mabel Schwartz; Troop 43, Chestnut Hill, Ellen R. Haines; Troop 89, Ruth Fawell, Dorothy Nerlinger, Charlotta Lepine, Edith Newman, Elizabeth Dilks, Mary Perrell, Helen Paxson, Ruth Pearlman, Marjorie Mow-bray; Troop 96, Charlotta Olsen, Margarita Olsen; Troop 97, Clara

Craymer; Troop 127, Dorothy Moore, Margaret Gentel, Jane Gentel, Marion Baxter, Margaret Van-Sant, Marguerite Acker; Troop 168, Kathryn Goodall; Troop 170, Emma Brandschett; Troop 187, Captain Ethel Campbell, Margaret McCrae; Troop 192, Winifred Rumble.

Medals of Merit were presented to:—Troop 20, Captain Helen Swartzman, Evelyn Thomas; Troop 25, Captain Eleanor Fei; Troop 97, Clara Craymer; Troop 127, Jane Gentel, Margaret Gentel, Marion Baxter.

Scholarship Badges were presented:—Troop 25, Ellen Vanwin-
kle, Jennie Jergenson, Esther Corey, Dorothy Corey, Grace Hos-tetter, Clara E. Wentz, Mildred Miller, Katharine Slee, Gertrude Pearce; Troop 41, Edna Potter; Troop 89, Dorothy Pearlman, Ruth Pearlman; Troop 105, Mildred Borzell.

Golden Eaglets were presented to—Troop 25, Captain Eleanor Fei; Troop 89, Dorothy Pearlman; Troop 127, Marion Baxter, Jane Gentel, Margaret Gentel.

Pollyanna Troop

One of the most interesting of Philadelphia's troops is 110 which is made up of the younger girls em-ployed by Gimbel Brothers. They are often to be seen in uniform about the store, as they are always given a prominent part whenever any special event takes place. The week after Christmas Uncle Wip, of the Gimbel Brothers' Radio Sta-tion, who listen to him each evening over the Radio. Five thousand children responded to his invitation and anxiously waited the goodies that were to be distributed. The floor was so thickly crowded that one could hardly take a step and it seemed as if the excited children could never be formed into line, but the Girl Scouts coaxed and per-suaded and lifted the smaller tots and finally formed a line, so that every child was compelled to march single file to receive the boxes of candy, lolly pops, choco Pies and rosy apples that were given out. For one hour and a half the life line was held up without any Scout looking grouchy.

This troop, which calls itself the "Pollyannas", is now forming an honorary member branch consist-ing of those among the store family who have shown friendship,

courtesy, and cooperation. Over two hundred letters have been sent out to the various people in the store, and many beautiful answers expressing good feeling and coope-ration have been received. Every month the troop gives a party for a selected group of the older mem-bers of the various departments. They are now planning an enter-tainment for the elderly men and women carriers in the store. The entertainment will take the form of a supper, followed by a sketch entitled "Bargain Day at Gimbel Brothers" and the "Courting of Mother Goose" given by the Brownies who are the younger sis-ters of the troop.

This verse is affectionately dedi-cated to Mrs. George Merritt, of Hartford, who made me see:

THE CAMP FIRE AT ANDREE,
OCTOBER, 1922

The fire's hearth is glowing red and warm.

White with the purity of heat, re-fined

Of dross and impure things, the great logs lie,

Alive with all the burning truth of flame.

This was a stately pile when it was wrought;

Built strongly, shapely, regularly placed,

And carefully, the tinder laid with-in,

Ready to spread the spark when once it caught.

No breath was needed; a mere point of fire

Served to ignite the whole fair structure there,

Which, flaming high, as beacon drew us near,

And comforted with loveliness and warmth.

Here is a lesson he who runs may read:

What was a skeleton of rigid wood, Touched by a spark, has softened and become

A thing of beauty, romance, and of dreams.

Thus may our Scouting framework, so well laid,

Lit with the fire of youth, give way to coals,

And draw all girlhood to its cheery hearth,

To love its beauty, purity, and light.

LESLIE VARICK PERKINS.



THE PRACTICAL SCOUT INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs



WE must now bring our Bee

Hunt to a successful conclusion, and if we look back to the November AMERICAN GIRL we will find that we left off well along the line to the spot where we hoped to find our treasure. We have carefully noted the flight of the bees and have followed their course by the help of our compasses, and we have taken the time of our bee guides with the red dots of paint so that we have a pretty accurate idea of how near we are to our destination. But it is not always easy, even with these precautions, to find one tree in a wood, and we will have to take another means to be sure of success. This will be to get a new line or two on our object, and we can easily do so by carrying some of our captive bees some little distance to the right and left of our line of approach, releasing them, marking their new line of flight and following it up with some of our party. It will be a good scheme to do this on two new lines, so that we have three sections of our troop all converging on our desired objective from a different angle.

Let us imagine, then, that this has been done, and that we have all successfully arrived at the same spot and have come upon a dead tree or at least one partially dead, around which the bees are swarming, and into which they are crawling, for there is sure to be a hole somewhere in the trunk which the bees use as an entrance to their hive within. We are now ready for the last scene in our drama.

For this part of our undertaking we have secured the services of a real Bee Keeper, for only an expert can do what is next to be done, and there would be danger for the uninitiated to interfere further with the daily routine of these busy little insects. But there is almost sure



to be some friendly bee man in every community who will come and help us in the spoliation of the hive, both

for pleasure and profit, for we will, of course, offer him some of the honey and he can, if he chooses, secure the swarm for his apiary.

He will have brought with him his outfit with head covering and gloves, an empty hive, and the necessary tools for cutting down and opening the tree. If the Scouts are old enough they will want to undertake the latter tasks, but otherwise we may need some strong-armed assistance. The tree, at any rate, must come down. When it falls the bees are somewhat upset, but soon settle down again. The trunk is then tapped with an auger until the exact locality of the cavity containing the hive is discovered, and this section of the trunk is sawed free of the rest, leaving a little solid wood at either end of the cavity. Wedges are then inserted and the section laid open from end to end, and the hive and its contents exposed to our excited gaze. The bees rise in a black cloud of protest and their loud buzzing drives us to a safe distance, but, poor little fellows, they have no time to think of revenge, the instinct of service to the swarm is too strong in their make-up, and they almost immediately settle down again on the honey in the hive to fill themselves for the journey which they believe is before them. Where they hover most thickly in a solid black mass, there the Bee Keeper knows he will find the Queen, and very gently and with wonderful assurance and skill he sweeps aside these hundreds of anxious workers and secures her ladyship, whom he quickly transfers to the new hive he has brought for the purpose, and which he has placed on a nearby log. The reason for this act is soon apparent, for where the queen is there her subjects follow, and in a few moments the new hive has assumed the air and activity of a middle Western city, while the old tree trunk is as abandoned as the tombs of the Pharaohs. Outside of the immediate advantage of being able to gather the honey unmolested, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in a very short time the bees

will have completely recovered from their summary ejection.

We can now turn our attention to the fascinating business of counting our treasure. How much honey does the tree contain? Perhaps twenty pounds, perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred or even more—plenty, at any rate, for a generous share to all concerned and a rich reward for the effort of the undertaking. Tin pails are filled; and tired, but triumphant, we return to our homes.

Of course, all this may not have happened in a day. Sometimes the hunt before the hive is discovered will take several days, and it almost always requires another day for the purpose of cutting down the tree and securing the honey. But after the tree has once been located, it can usually be reached from the main roads by a much shorter and less circuitous route than the one originally followed. Sometimes the trail will end at the home of a bee keeper, and we must not be surprised if his angry wife upbraids us for rushing into her farmyard like a lot of escaped lunatics.

Now, before leaving you to eat the honey and enjoy a well-earned rest, I want to summarize the reasons why bee-hunting seems to me to be a sport particularly suited to scouting. In the first place, it offers all the thrill and adventure of real hunting, with a wonderful prize to be won, but without any painful ending for the hunted. It also teaches careful observation and the correct and quick use of the compass and field glass. It requires study of the country. It develops strength, persistence and imagination. And it should lead to the study of bees and a greater interest in other nature lore. These seem to me high recommendations, and I hope next summer will see many troops scouring the fields and woods for the signs of the wild honey bees.





Our Party Page

A February Meeting for Patriotic Scouts

SCOUTS don't have to be told to be patriotic; they *are* patriotic, and because they are, I'm sure they want to celebrate the month of February in a special way. February, even though it is the shortest month in the year has you know the honor of holding the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. Perhaps you don't want a formal program with plays and recitations—you have those at school and besides they take a great deal of time to prepare, but would you like to have a February meeting just devoted to games and songs? If you would, I think I can help you plan one that will be a great deal of fun and yet will show your love of country, your knowledge of its history and its great men and women. Plan the meeting one or two weeks ahead so you can have cards ready for your games and copies of the songs. First of all do the—

Opening Exercises

the very best you can, for surely they fit in with a patriotic program.

Dramatization

Each patrol goes to a separate corner and prepares to act some scene in the history of the flag, or the life of Washington or Lincoln, or some patriotic event in history. For instance, Colonel Ross and Robert Morris going to Betsy Ross for the first flag (an easy one) or a group of bundled-up explorers planting the flag at the North Pole (the Peary expedition), which is harder. You may prepare these acts just at the time (in five minutes) or you may plan them ahead and use a bit of costuming. In that case preparation will take longer. But keep *your act* a secret; you want to see which patrol can guess it, and then vote on the best.

Games

Signalled Words—Patrols are arranged in files at one end of the room with a "Signaller" at the

other. The Signaller gives out slips of paper, two to each Scout (the same sixteen to each patrol) on which are written a letter of the Morse Code. In her hand she has written words which contain these letters. As she signals a letter, the Scout in each patrol having it, runs around a chair, which stands at the opposite end of the room, and back to her place. At the end of the word, the patrol which was quickest in guessing and running for the most letters wins. The Captain keeps count.

States Toll—Each member of a patrol is given a pencil and paper. The whistle blows! Start! See which patrol can write out the list of States in the United States most quickly, or the most states within a given time.

Relay Flag Review—Patrols form in files at one end of the room, facing and opposite their patrol leaders, who stand at the other end with this set of questions:—

1. How many stars are there?
2. When does a new star appear?
3. How many red stripes are there?
4. What do the stripes stand for?
5. What do the stars represent?
6. Who made the first flag?
7. What is another name for the flag?

At whistle—ones run up to leader to answer first question. If they can answer they run back—touch twos—twos take the second question, etc. If a Scout cannot answer her question she steps behind the leader and the next girl comes up for the same question. The patrol finishing first, with the fewest girls behind the leader wins.

Refreshments—Since this is a special occasion perhaps you can have cherry pies—individual ones that you can bake.

Council Fire

Songs—(suggested)

CHORUS

Tolling and knelling
With a sad sweet sound
O'er the waves the tones are swelling
By Mt. Vernon's sacred ground.

Sail! O ships across the billows
And bear the story far
How he sleeps beneath the willows
First in peace and first in war.

Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling
'Til you come again
He within the hearts is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen."

LINCOLN

(Melody: "My Old Kentucky Home.")

'Twas a cabin rude in the wilderness afar,
Where Lincoln the hero was born,
The Stars shone bright o'er the little home at night
And the wild birds carolled in the morn.

Though hard times came, there was courage in the home,
And Lincoln, the boy, like the man,
In all things said, though the tasks of life were hard,
"I will do the very best I can."

CHORUS

Ring the bells of honor
Oh ring them loud today
We will sing a song
For the boy who did his best
In an old Kentucky home far away."

Or a

Story—Ask your Captain to read that lovely story of Lincoln "The Perfect Tribute".

Taps

PHILOMENE F. AMBROSE

WANDERING VOICES

(Continued from page 12)

by then it was time for the Twins to start for the party. The rest of the Bunch to everybody's regret, had not been invited. But they went to the door to see them off.

As they started down off the porch Glen gave them a last warning. "Be good, now, and don't ask for two helpings of anything."

"And say thank you for everything and tell the lady you had a good time," Flo coached.

"And don't tell anybody you're twins," added Lovey. "Let them guess."

Margaret grunted. "I wonder how many times we'll have to smile sweetly and say 'yes' to that question when we'd rather tread gently on their toes and pull their hair out, one at a time. 'Oh, you look so much alike,' she mimicked. "'One would almost think you were twins. Really, are you? Isn't that too sweet for anything?' Bah!"

Gladys chided her in mock severity. "Please to remember, dear Twin, that the only reason you have been invited to the president's house tonight is because you are a twin and must help entertain."

"Well, I don't like to be held up at the point of a loaded dinner and told to perform."

If she had any objections, however, no one would have realized it by the time the two girls reached their destination and were leaving their wraps in the hall. The entrance to the parlor was through an anteroom with long mirrors on either side. With feminine instinct both girls looked to see that their dark blue evening dresses set exactly as they should. Margaret turned her belt a trifle so that a touch of the deep red facing could be seen.

Gladys laughed at her. "Too bad Helen Jordan couldn't see you then."

"Why Helen Jordan?"

"Don't you remember what you said about her last year at Pomeroy, that she didn't have a very deep mind. You said the only time she ever reflected was when she had a mirror handy."

"Well, that was because of the tiny mirrors at Pomeroy. With one like this she'd have some excuse."

Just then the door opened and they were ushered into the parlor. Both were still smiling at the remembrance of their classmate. But once inside the door Margaret's

smile vanished as if by magic. She stopped still and gulped. Gladys, behind her, caught her breath. The lady before them, Ethel Roderick, the famous English novelist, was the quiet little woman who had stood in the station door while the baggageman was making his frantic attempts at a rescue.

"Courage", whispered Margaret. "Don't let on. She'll probably never recognize us in our party clothes." Then she bowed and shook hands with the guest.

Only a few of the girls had been invited. The Senior President and the Student Government President were already there, but in the presence of the celebrity and Dr. Ferris, they seemed tongue-tied and ill at ease. The older people were doing their best to make the girls feel at home, and soon the Twins regained their confidence.

Dr. Ferris spoke to them about their interest in dramatics. He had evidently told Miss Roderick how both had played the leading role in the last Commencement play because one girl had gone in to take her sister's place when she was sick. "Miss Roderick has written an out-of-door play," Dr. Ferris remarked. "You ought to consider that for next June."

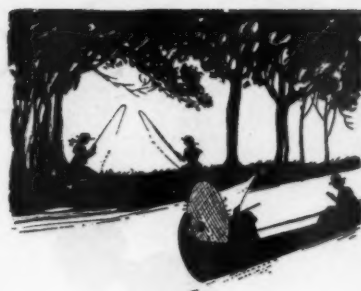
"Has it been published yet?" Gladys asked. "If it is as good as 'Dim Bourne' I'd like to play in it."

While the other girls looked at each other and then at Gladys, the author beamed, "So you have read 'Dim Bourne,' have you? I hate to ask people their impression of it because I like it the best of all I've written."

"Well, you needn't be afraid of asking me, then. I'll have to confess that it is the only one I know of yours. It is practically impossible to get your books in the library. They are out all the time. But I like that a lot. Why, Margaret and I were saying only recently (she meant less than an hour before) that if we ever met the lady who wrote the book we were going to find out just the symbolism of that garden gate with the old-fashioned pinks at the wall beside it. Margaret thought——"

And they were deep in a discussion of the volume. Margaret blessed the inspiration that had sent her sister searching for the book, while Dr. Ferris was manifestly delighted that his girls could appear at such good advantage. As for

(Continued on page 28)



In the Open With El Comancho

This new department is sure to be of interest to all Girl Scouts and their leaders, especially as the material was given to us by El Comancho, one of the leading outdoor authorities in this country.

You can always find dry firewood even in the wettest woods if you will look for the dead limbs on standing live trees. This wood is always dry inside and will burn any time if you split it—wood picked up on the ground is usually more or less damp.

To find the direction the air is moving out of doors, just wet your finger and hold it up. The side that gets cold first is the direction the wind is coming from. Watch the clouds to tell which way the high wind currents are moving; clouds travel with the wind.

The steeper the hills, the straighter the water courses. The flatter the country the more the streams running out of it will wind and twist about. If you have never been in a country, you can tell about what it is like by looking at any good map that will show the water courses.

If you have trouble getting your camp fire to start from a match, just cut off half an inch of candle and light it, then build your wood up into a loose pile over the candle flame; the candle acts as a continuous match and will fire any reasonably dry wood. (Special advice to rainy weather campers.)

Split wood always catches fire easier than round sticks and it is usually much drier as moisture does not ordinarily get very far into the wood unless the wood is where water soaks into it and it is not fit for firewood then at all, so split your wood and save trouble.

SCOUT RIPPLES

By The Water Scout, Cecelia P. Daubig

Life Saving Corps, Red Cross



Indoor Swimming

At a recent swimming meet for girls in New England, the swimming team carried a banner reading: "Why Envy the People Who Go to Florida? Don't You Know the Water in Our Pool Is 78 Degrees Warm Today?"

Besides the advantages of enjoying tropical waters in midwinter, the indoor swimming pool offers fine opportunities for swimming progress.

At one time there was quite a prejudice against winter swimming, many girls attributing colds to winter swimming. Recently no such prejudice exists, and it is now realized that a plunge in the pool brings only the most pleasant reactions.

However, conditions in pools are different from summer swimming; and certain precautions must be observed. One interesting phase of this fact came to light a few weeks ago. Up in Worcester, Mass., a girl swimmer found that she was contracting colds after swimming. It happened several times, and finally in desperation she appealed to the family doctor.

LET YOUR HAIR GET WET

He asked her what precautions she took to keep her hair dry while swimming. She explained the painstaking process: how she wore a chamois skin around her head, tying it over the forehead with a shoestring. Over this she placed a regulation rubber bathing cap, tying another shoestring around it over the first one. This acted as a veritable gasket, sealing up her head precisely as a fruit jar is sealed.

"Ah," said the doctor, "now we have the reason for your colds." He went on to explain that when she swam with this careful and elaborate headdress, her body temperature was greatly lowered by the water, all excepting the head, which,

being sealed up, remained at a much higher temperature. Upon going out into the winter air, this condition made her very susceptible to colds.

It was quite a revelation. Heretofore all of the girls at this pool had been particularly desirous of keeping their hair dry, trying all sorts of devices to accomplish this, in the mistaken idea that they would avoid catching cold. The girl whose physician made the discovery, thereafter wore only a simple loose rubber cap, allowing her hair to become wet, and experienced no more difficulty with colds after swimming! Of course, she dried her hair after the swim, before going out into the weather.

There are other well-known precautions which are based on sound principles, in indoor pool swimming. No one should stay in the pool longer than an hour; in many cases only a half hour or 45 minutes is long enough. This depends on how you spend your time while in the pool. If you keep moving and active, it does no harm to remain an hour. But if you are easily tired and find yourself shivery and without ambition to swim, you have weakened your resistance by too long immersion. A brisk cold shower, followed by a rub-down with a rough towel after your swim, brings a quick reaction and quickens the circulation.

HELPING BEGINNERS

Since the indoor pool is an ideal place to learn to swim, a Scout can do a good turn by assisting some beginner to become a swimmer. Instructors at the pool nearly always welcome help, especially with the children's classes, which

"Local directors or commissioners or the Scout officials having interesting developments in swimming and life saving in their Section will do it a good turn by sending the item about it to Scout Captain C. P. Daubig, Washington Division, Red Cross, Washington, D. C., for inclusion in the water activities page."

are crowded. The instructor often finds it impractical to enter the water with such classes herself, since she has several of them every day;

so it is a real help for her to have someone who will be in the water assisting, while the instructor herself teaches from the side of the pool.

Help the Life Saving Corps in its effort to make "Everybody a Swimmer; Every Swimmer a Life Saver."



Helpful Suggestions will be welcomed for this page

Mrs. Cecelia P. Daubig

Mrs. Daubig holds the unique position of being the first woman to represent the American Red Cross life-saving service in the field, being employed by the Washington Division of the Red Cross, at Washington, D. C.

For several years, Mrs. Daubig has been one of the leading swimming instructors in the country, teaching thousands of women and girls to swim, in pools, on beaches, and in camps in New England and the Middle West.

For the past two summers, Mrs. Daubig has been swimming counselor at Camp Bonnie Brae, the camp for Girl Scouts of Western Massachusetts directed by Miss Edith Sinnott.

Last fall the management of the Eastern States' Exposition at Springfield, Mass., built a swimming pool of wood and canvas, 60 x 20 feet in size. They provided a large dressing tent and diving platform with a springboard. This was for the purpose of demonstrating to the public Camp Bonnie Brae's swimming program, which was done by means of a water pageant, entitled "Showing Neptune's Daughter," in which Mrs. Daubig appeared as Undine, and the Scouts of Bonnie Brae displayed remarkable aquatic ability.

Manhattan, N. Y.

The Girl Scouts of Madonna House, 173 Cherry street, spent a very busy week during the Christmas holidays. They began by giving an entertainment for the youngsters of Madonna Day Nursery and Kindergarten. On Christmas eve they entertained hundreds of Sunday-school children at Our Lady of Peace Church. On Wednesday and Thursday they again made hundreds of boys and girls of the Catechism classes of Madonna House happy when they entertained these children at their Christmas parties.

Early on Friday morning, Dec. 29, about sixteen of these Scouts went to Gouveneur Hospital, where they brought smiles and Christmas cheer to many children as well as adults. After giving an entertainment with songs and dances in each ward they conversed with the patients and provided each one with all the goodies of Christmas. They were complimented by all on their generous and cheerful undertaking, and were asked to come next Christmas Day to make every one happy.

Again in the afternoon these happy Scouts visited Beekman Street Hospital, where they also gave an entertainment and provided each patient with a large Christmas stocking. Here again they were told to be sure to return next Christmas.

The Girl Scouts are truly interested in this new work, and hope next year to have a longer program and visit more hospitals.

On Saturday, Dec. 30, the Scouts held their own Christmas party and entertainment in the beautifully decorated gymnasium at the Madonna House. Here they welcomed Captain Santa Claus royally, as he brought many useful articles from Scout headquarters to help them in their work during the coming year.

—*Catholic News*, Jan. 6, '23.

Ocala, Fla.

Miss Doris Hough of Atlanta, regional director of the Girl Scouts, spent three days in Ocala in the interest of the Girl Scout movement. The Ocala troop has only been organized since last February, and during that time has done good work, and there were many questions and regulations which it was necessary to get from one of the high officers. The visit of Miss

Hough was most beneficial to the local troop, and the few days she was here every minute of her time was occupied with meetings, conferences with captains and lieutenants and plans and discussions with the local council, which will hereafter be known as the local committee, and in each Miss Hough instilled new enthusiasm for the work of the coming year. One afternoon the local troop had a wienie roast at Silver Springs at which Miss Hough was the guest of honor. The girls prepared the roast, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Later Miss Hough was taken down the run and shown the beauties of Silver Springs. M. T.

"Behind the Khaki of the Scouts"

Miss Fannie Moulton McLane is the author of a pageant—"Behind the Khaki of the Scouts"—which is to appear in the February number of *St. Nicholas*. This will be good news for many of our leaders, for there has been a universal cry for pageantry material.

Miss McLane has very wisely made her message brief—the entire pageant taking only about 10 minutes. There are 13 characters and a troop of Girl Scouts.

The scene starts with the opening bars of Dvorak's "Daybreak," and this music is continued very softly throughout the entire pageant. The Spirit of Youth, a lovely, slim girl, enters and dances with eager, restless steps while the reader tells of her eternal, unsatisfied quest. Finally Youth sinks, exhausted and despairing, to the ground. Then a troop of Girl Scouts appear and the voice tells that the final answer to Youth's quest is found in the khaki of the Girl Scouts. In turn a Roman citizen, a Knight, Robin Hood, a Pilgrim Mother, a Colonial Dame and an Indian enter—symbolic of good citizenship, chivalry, adventure, faithfulness, household skill and woodland skill, respectively, and we hear how each has contributed to the make-up of the glorious Scout ideal. We also see the various phases of Nature—a zephyr—all the things which a Scout should know and love.

All the symbolic characters fade and disappear. Only the khaki line of Scouts is left. There is a burst of music—a triumphant swell—and Youth lifts her arms toward the retreating Scouts and follows them.

**Hoppy Toad Tales**

BY WILLIAM A. HENNESSEY.

Six stories about "Hoppy Toad" make up a little book which is just the thing to read to baby sister or brother. Each interesting adventure ends happily with a moral, and children are sure to enjoy it. The book sells for 25 cents.

Solario the Tailor

BY WILLIAM BOWAN.

Published by Macmillan Co.
Price, \$2. 00.

Rescued from enchantment, Solario the Tailor tells most entrancing tales of his adventures. Any child will love to hear them.

Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

Published by Macmillan Co.
Price, \$2. 00.

This little book is especially good for Girl Scouts, teaching them to know more about Shakespeare, and it isn't too educational to be interesting.

A Book of Giants

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

Published by E. P. Dutton Co.

All young people, perhaps boys especially, will enjoy this book—full of giant stories, real and mythical.

Wisp; a Girl of Dublin

BY KATHARINE ADAMS.

Published by Macmillan Co.
Price, \$2. 00.

A little Irish girl with a vivid imagination makes friends with some American children. The thrilling adventures will certainly appeal to the Girl Scouts.



Boston, Mass.

At the headquarters of the Boston Girl Scout Council, on Wednesday, November 22d, from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m., a sale was held of bunnies, dolls of every kind, and of useful articles of a more prosaic nature, all made by Boston Girl Scouts during the past summer. The sale was held for the benefit of both the Children's Hospital and the Girl Scout Council, the first \$100 being used to establish an additional bed at the hospital, and the rest going to meet the overhead expenses of the headquarters. The toys and dolls which were not sold also went to the hospital for the amusement of the little patients occupying the seven beds already established by various Girl Scout troops.

In addition to the dolls of all varieties—stuffed, rag, and kewpie—there were stuffed rag animals, such as were never seen in the ark, aprons, prosaic dish towels, hand towels, and other such articles. Other articles of the same general nature were on exhibition only and were sent to the hospital after the sale, and one 14-year-old Scout exhibited a charming frock made by herself.

"Say It With Flowers!"

This money making suggestion comes from Peoria, Ill., and, as it seems to us especially appropriate for Girl Scouts, we are passing it along to you.

Pampas grass, Milkweed pods, Jimson weed, Ochra, Egyptian Lotus seed pods should be gathered for use. Wash them well, dry and cover with shellac. After they are quite dry tint them with different colors and afterwards with either gold or silver paint. They make very stunning decorations and are sure to prove a profitable feature at a bazar or fair. They sell as high as 60 cents a stalk in the stores in New York City.

WANDERING VOICES

(Continued from page 25)

the others, they were embarrassed anyway and were glad enough to sit back and listen. So it was that the hostess, after one peep in at the group of girls, quietly switched the place cards and put Gladys to the right of Miss Roderick and her sister across the table not far away when they were summoned to the table.

The ease with which the dinner party progressed proved the wisdom of the change. By now the girls were all more at home and took part in the general conversation. One of them ventured to ask the English writer what she thought of the American girls she had seen and how they compared with English girls.

Miss Roderick smiled in that quiet way she had, which was endearing her to all of them. "I hesitate to compare them," she replied. "Comparisons always result in the detriment of one party. Of course they are different, but if I had come prepared to like in them only what they had that resembled the English girl I should have done better to stay at home where I could be with entirely-English girls. Yet one thing I have noticed. They share the Anglo-Saxon gift of being able to take care of themselves. I can illustrate what I mean by something I saw this afternoon. I had written your president that I would motor up, but had to change my plan at the last and come by train; and when I went after my bag—" Then to the horror of the Twins she recounted the episode in the railroad station.

"That's what I mean by being able to take care of oneself," she concluded. "I'd like to know just how those two girls accomplished it. Yes, I realize it was a kind of ventriloquism. But won't you explain, Miss Hammon?"

She was looking directly at Margaret who would gladly have slunk quietly through the floor, or even gone to her death under the pile of trunks as the wandering voice had died. "Me?" she exclaimed, her face aflame.

"Yes. I didn't recognize you when you came into the parlor, but your face and actions seemed so familiar that I did my best to place you. Suddenly I realized where I had seen you before. You'll forgive me, I hope, for telling the story here, but it fitted in so beauti-

fully. And with your permission, I mean to use it later in my lectures and writing. Of course, I'll not use your names."

"Who said the English had no sense of humor?" Margaret asked herself. Aloud she agreed. "Yes, it was ventriloquism. We learned how to do it last summer, my sister and I"

"Won't you give us an exhibition of it?" asked Dr. Ferris.

"It's not much fun unless it is worked on somebody that doesn't suspect what is being done," Margaret replied.

"Don't you have to tell the people what is happening so that they can supply the greater part with their imaginations?" inquired Miss Roderick.

"No, though of course that does help some. But a month ago we were studying when a mouse poked his head out of a hole. Gladys saw it and mewed like a cat and threw her voice. You should have seen that mouse scamper."

When the laughter had subsided, there was a moment of silence. Then clearly from beneath the dining table came the squeak of a mouse and the sound of scratching. Miss Roderick caught her breath. Then suddenly she became scarlet. At that same instant Dr. Ferris straightened up and a look of pained surprise crossed his face.

"I—I beg your pardon," Miss Roderick stammered. "I'll admit I am afraid of mice and drew my feet up but I didn't mean to kick anybody. That was the time when Miss Hammon should have imitated a cat and——" She suddenly paused. It dawned on her. "Do you mean to tell me that it was all ventriloquism and that there wasn't any mouse there at all?"

Gladys, beside her, nodded. She was ashamed of the way she had embarrassed the guest. To divert their attention from the incident, she suggested that she would try the effect of a wandering voice upon the negro butler. He came carrying an empty tray when Mrs. Ferris rang for him, when the course was over.

"There he comes. Catch him!" was the raucous whisper from behind him as he entered. The butler whirled at the sound. No one was in sight.

"Stand still," came the command

(Continued on page 30.)

MORE SCOUT NEWS FOR YOU!

Winter Camping

Twenty-five old time Andree Clark campers over sixteen years of age left New York on December 27th, for a jolly Holiday week at Camp Andree, Briarcliffe, N. Y. The old farm house was used as Headquarters, cots having been set up upstairs in place of the hospital found there in summer time! The living room downstairs with its open fireplace, and walls hung round with Indian relics and hunting trophies, and the open hallway were used as combination dining rooms and living rooms. Eight "brave hearts" defied the winter breezes that crept through the cracks and slept in the "wonder house", a cabin high on the hillside with an open fireplace in it.

The girls in squads did their own cooking, finishing their work in time for two good hours of play each morning.

Snow and ice abounded, making possible skating, snow shoeing, skiing, and snow balling.

An old fashioned sleigh ride about the countryside with horses and "jingle bells" thrilled everyone one evening, especially the thirteen girls who had never been on one before.

We followed a nature trail cut through the woods by Mr. Gerald Thayer, a gift to Andree campers, and identified the "Hania birch", the "Scotch fir", the "White pine" and the "den of rocks" as we passed them on our way to Flagstaff hill, the highest point in Westchester County. The snow made it easy to observe tracks of a fox and several rabbits and dogs on the way.

Saturday the cooks prepared a steak dinner out-of-doors over the camp Council fire. They had a great time getting things ready, helped on with an occasional cheery call of encouragement from the coasters on the hill. When everything was done to a turn, we all sat round on our sleds munching away

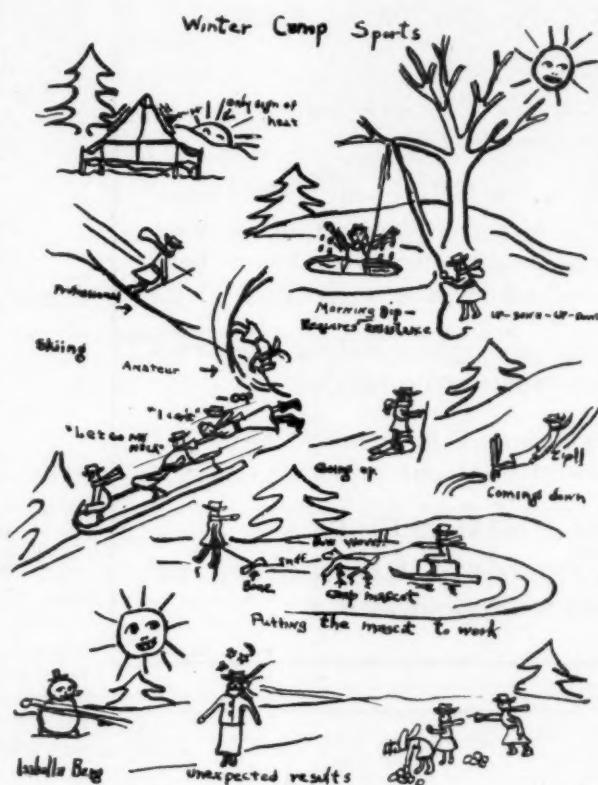
with more than the usual satisfaction and drinking Postum that felt "so good" though it burned nearly all the way down!

New Years' Eve was a gala occasion. A real Christmas tree brought in from the woods had funny rhymes and wishes on it for everyone.

Campfire; when we all sat on the floor around the open fire popping corn and eating fudge or apples while some one told stories proved one of the choicest parts of our winter adventure.

we made ourselves at the High School Basketball game here. We took care of the children at the Childrens' Home of this county at Christmas time by giving each child an individual package of useful articles and a toy—besides fixing and delivering baskets of groceries for the poor.

My troop certainly love THE AMERICAN GIRL paper; they pass the copy around among each other every month until they have all read it. MRS. A. H. K., Capt.



Charleston, W. Va.

We believe you would like to know just what Charleston did to celebrate Girl Scout Week.

We of course celebrated from a Publicity standpoint, only, as we are members of the Community Chest, and not allowed to canvas for funds.

On Saturday, October 18, the week was opened by a large parade of about one hundred and fifty uniformed scouts carrying balloons to the children in the orphanages, and armfuls of flowers to the hospitals. This parade was led by two scouts on horses behind which marched the West Virginia College band who happened to be in Charleston for the day attending the West Virginia football game. The band was also dressed in khaki, blending beautifully with the Scout uniforms.

Behind the band marched the scouts by troops led by two girls carrying a large sign with our Scout slogan on it. Then last but by no means least comes a float depicting "Better Womanhood".

We had two large store windows decorated. One as an exact replica of our Camp fire with tents in the distance. The other merely advertising scout uniforms and equipment.

We had two large store windows decorated. One as an exact replica of our Camp fire with tents in the distance. The other merely advertising scout uniforms and equipment.

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We made quite a nice little sum of money to fill Christmas baskets for the poor by selling candy which

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189 Lexington Avenue
New York City

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WANDERING VOICES

(Continued from page 28)

from the unseen speaker. "He can't see you."

There was a glassy look around the eyes of the negro but he was game. "Oh, can't I?" he sneered. "Come out of here."

"Out of here", echoed from behind him.

"You can't get away," he shouted, turning to confront the new assailant.

"Get away," repeated a voice at his feet.

He looked puzzled. The sounds were audible enough but he could not see anybody. His face took on a chalky tinge. "Dem's ghosts!" he muttered.

Here, there, everywhere, the word was caught up and bandied about. "Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts" came echoing from every direction. Then, since the Twins thought they had done enough and had no desire to frighten one who had done nothing against them, they called the experiment off. The negro, after looking back of the door, and out of the window, shook his head slowly.

"I guess they're gone", said Dr. Ferris, as soon as he could control his voice.

They were still in gay spirits when they left the table. It was necessary to hurry since Miss Roderick was to address the college in a few minutes. As they left the dining room, Margaret ran ahead to get their coats while Gladys followed more slowly with their guest.

"You've certainly made me feel young again, Miss Hammon," the English lady said. "And I have enjoyed this opportunity of meeting you. If you'll permit me, I shall be very glad to send you my new play and send some other book of mine to your sister as a souvenir of this evening."

"Great!" exclaimed the Hammon Twin. "And so you'll forgive me for frightening you as I did. Be sure I didn't mean that at all."

"For the enjoyment you gave me at the station, I could forgive anything, so it is not so difficult to overlook a tiny thing like that."

By now they were at the parlor door. Mrs. Ferris was there with Miss Roderick's coat. "We're taking her over in the car with us," she explained.

(Continued on page 32)

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WANDERING VOICES

(Continued from page 30)

Gladys knew that Margaret was waiting for them at the door expecting that all would walk over to the auditorium together. "Will you just wait a minute?" she begged. "I want to get Margaret. She thought you were going with us."

She went running out, looking behind her at the English lady. Then she turned quickly to see the Hammon Twin ahead of her. "Oh, Midge," she called, taking a couple of quick steps toward her, "did you hear what Miss Roderick was going to—"

"Look out, there Twinnie," called the Senior president. "You'll walk through that mirror."

And then in the outer hall she caught sight of her sister standing with their coats on her arm. She looked in the other direction. In front of her was her own image reflected in the mirror. From the parlor behind her came a roar of laughter from Dr. Ferris. Miss Roderick was clapping her hands in excitement. "Delightful!" she laughed.

"If you'd only thought to use ventriloquism," added Dr. Ferris, "you could have carried on a whole conversation with your mirrored self."

Gladys Hammon was a good sport. She carried the joke off well. After they had seen Miss Roderick get into the waiting auto and drive off, the rest of the girls started for the auditorium. And there were many jests about the mirrored twins.

"Say, Gladys," her sister finally remarked, "we're getting out of the habit of being twins. I think we ought to dress alike oftener."

"Nothing doing!" answered Gladys promptly. "I'm done. When I get so far gone that I can't tell the difference when we're dressed alike. I'm going to be sure we are different, even if I have to bob my hair to do it."

"Well, dress differently, then," agreed Margaret. "But when you want to talk to yourself again in a mirror—"

A lump of snow properly applied very decisively put an end to the remark and except when now and then Margaret would chuckle quietly to herself, they went the rest of the way to the auditorium in silence.

THE END.

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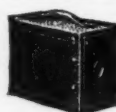
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A GIRL SCOUT OF THE REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 14)

and warm while I get you something to eat." Talking all the while she was working, the good woman soon had ready a cup of warmed milk which she gave Nannie to drink while the rest of her supper was being cooked. But Nannie could not eat anything when it was ready. She was so overcome with fatigue that she went to sleep in her chair.

Very gently her hostess undressed her, gave her a warm bath, and then tucked her away in a soft feather bed where she slept without waking until morning. She was surprised and pleased to find that not alone had her soiled and torn dress been washed and mended, but beside it was laid both shoes and stockings—not new ones, but some that had been outgrown by a member of the Connors family and still looked fairly respectable.

After breakfast, the soldier who had been her guide the night before came to take her to camp. Nannie did not want to go. She was apprehensive of what awaited her there until both Mistress Connors and the soldier assured her she had nothing to fear. "Why, General Washington came here the other day for a glass of buttermilk," said Mistress Connors, "and when he rode away he raised his hat to me as if I was the finest lady in the land—the grand gentleman that he is!"

It was a beautiful Indian summer morning when the two set out for the camp, a blue haze covering the surrounding country—giving to objects, ordinarily unsightly, an unwonted charm. The soldier tried to accommodate his pace to that of his companion, who still suffered from her bruised feet, and from the unaccustomed shoes she wore, but her pride in these latter made her cheerfully endure the pain they caused.

As they walked, they carried on a brisk conversation. Nannie related her experience of the preceding day and the soldier told how the contemplated attack by the British did not take place as they found the Yankees—due to Nannie's warning—prepared to receive them, and consequently were themselves the ones to be surprised. There was a

(Continued on page 35.)

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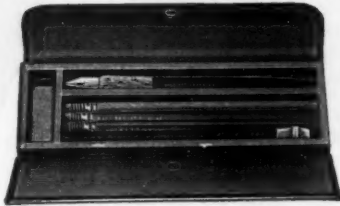
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slight skirmish, followed by a rapid British retreat.

From the top of a low hill Nannie saw what seemed to be a regiment drawn up for inspection. As she drew near all the soldiers presented arms and there was a great rattle of drums and shrillings of fifes—in honor of a little maid, dressed in patched linsey-woolsey, who did not know what it meant—the noise and the commotion—and was half inclined to run away and might have done so but for the restraining hand of her companion.

Then from a group of officers, one more stately and tall than the rest stepped out to greet Nannie with the kindly question:

"Is this the little girl who came so far to save us from the enemy? It was a very brave deed and worthy of a soldier's daughter. I wish to thank your mother and you for the great service you have rendered our cause." Then, taking a bright, new, silver thimble from an attendant, he put it on Nannie's finger, saying "By my order, this was made for you last night. The man who made it sat up all night to finish it. The silver he used was a piece of English money. I hope you will value it as gift from me."

Turning to Nannie's companion, the officer detailed him to take the child home and to see that she rode there.

"Who was that officer that gave me the thimble?" asked Nannie when they had gone a safe distance so that no one but her soldier could hear the question.

"That officer—why, I thought everybody knew him—that officer was General Washington!"

THE END.

Bronx, N. Y.

After electing their officers for the year, the Girl Scouts of Sunflower Troop 17, of P. S. 55, St. Paul's Pl., near Washington Ave., decided at their meeting held in the school recently, to establish a troop library.

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IF you would like to know anything about stamp collecting, write Wilbur F. Cannon, 1413 Carey Avenue, Davenport, Iowa. Your question will have personal attention, and you will receive a prompt reply. There is no charge.

We thought that almost all of you knew about the new issue of United States stamps. Some of our friends have inquired about them, so possibly you also would like definite information on the subject.

The first of the new stamps to be issued was the special delivery, with the motorcycle, in a deep blue. This was issued during the summer. About the 1st of October the 11 cent stamp was issued. This was a peacock blue with the portrait of Hayes (no, not Will, but Rutherford). Teddy Roosevelt appeared on the 5 cent in a deep blue, a few weeks later. On November 11th, three stamps came out: the 15 cent gray, with the Statue of Liberty; the 25 cent deep green, showing Niagara Falls; and the 50 cent lilac, picturing the the Arlington Amphitheatre. A few days later the 6 cent orange Garfield stamps appeared. Some collectors approve of these stamps very highly, while many others hold that the colors and engravings could be better.

Other stamps to be issued, of this series, are: 1 cent, Franklin, green; 2 cent, Washington, red; 3 cent, Lincoln, purple; 4 cent, Martha Washington, "\$50 Liberty Loan Back Bond"; 7 cent, McKinley, "note black"; 8 cent, Grant, "bond olive"; 9 cent, Jefferson, pink; 10 cent, Monroe, yellow; 12 cent, Cleveland, purplish brown; 14 cent, Indian, yellow green; 20 cent, Yosemite, blue; 30 cent, Buffalo, sepia; \$1, Lincoln Memorial, brown; \$2, U. S. Capitol, blue; and \$5, America, red and blue. All of these will appear soon.

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CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 9)

"Once more embark, Captain Sylvia," Mr. Bell suggested. "It's all sails set and ho, for home!"

"All sails on a catboat is dead easy, Mr. Bell," said Lloyd, who had come to regard Mr. Bell as a boy of the best sort.

"I'm hungry," observed Mr. Bell, pathetically.

"Thought you'd be!" Sylvia beamed on him. Every feminine creature is happy when she can feed the masculine folk whom she loves.

"Take the tiller a minute, Lloyd. Steer for that buoy over there; see it? Keep her headed—watch your peak and don't let it flap."

Sylvia sprang up, dropped on her knees and began to burrow in her cuddly. Triumphant she brought forth a cake, the thermos bottle, which held hot coffee, a bag of peaches, cookies, and a box of candy.

"Knew you'd all be starved!" Sylvia said, getting up and brushing her skirt.

"I made that coffee myself. Remember how your aunt taught me, Ruth? Got up and made it at three o'clock. Hope it is good."

"Long-headed Tink!" Lloyd applauded her.

"You're a thoughtful ship's officer," said her father.

"Wait a jiffy! I brought some saltines," she cried, diving for them. "I'm afraid Casabianca meant that cake for tea, but that can't be helped. I'll make a peach shortcake if she hasn't anything."

"Are you growing domestic and skillful?" Mr. Bell inquired.

Sylvia nodded. "Growing; not grown!" she said, gloating over her father's manifest satisfaction in the coffee of her own making.

"Do you think that breakfast luncheon was too heavy to let us sing?" suggested Mr. Bell. Then, without waiting for an answer, he began to sing: College songs, negro melodies, Irish songs—for O'Malley—popular songs, old ballads, ragtime—they sang them all.

Sylvia, finding that Ruth and Lloyd had really "got their sea legs on," and were not in danger of discomfort, put her boat in to the wake of every tug she could cross astern, and "The Walloping Window Blind" wallowed in the wake," as Lloyd truly observed.

"It's been the nicest morning, almost, I ever spent in my life!" Ruth said as they once more came

(Continued on page 38)

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CAPTAIN SYLVIA

(Continued from page 37)

ashore, and she and Lloyd bade Sylvia good-bye, while Mr. Bell patiently waited with a pail in each hand, and his hat politely held in one hand.

"Not much to tell of, either, is there?" said Sylvia, nodding. "There never is, sailing; yet it beats everything else. Good-bye. All ready for home, Mr. Bell and Dragoon O'Malley!"

"I wish you had your young comrades, my dear; I'm sorry these nice Hapgood children are going away. You'll miss them?" Mr. Bell looked troubled as he asked it.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Sylvia, indifferently. "Of course, it isn't as it was when——" She checked herself.

"When I was stupidly blind to my own daughter-comrade?" suggested Mr. Bell.

Sylvia nodded hard. "I don't need anyone now," she said.

"Let me play my tune to you, father. I think I'll call it 'The Hothurians' Hallo,' because you seem to like those horrible sea cucumbers, and I loathe them!"

They went the remainder of the way up the beach to the accompaniment of Sylvia's happy piping.

(To be continued.)

Attention, Minnesota!

Miss Marjorie Edgar, would like to have a notice printed in THE AMERICAN GIRL to the effect that she is now acting as Regional Director for 3 months, and if any Captains or Councils in Minn., wish to get in touch with her, they may do so at 89 South Tenth St., Girl Scout office, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Troop Flags

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2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
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